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"COUNTRY BOARD."—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

"Wouldn't this be lovely, John, if the mosquitoes would let us out?"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 15, 1877.

☞ *In the* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *will be found a spirited double-page engraving of a combat between Cossacks and Bashi-Bazouks, a view of the city of Shumla, and other sketches relating to the War in the East.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A NEW SCHEME OF REFORM.

We alluded last week to a letter from Washington, in the Springfield *Republican*, containing the scheme of a system for the regulation of appointments and promotions in the civil service. The correspondent says that his statement embodies the views of the President. But however that may be, the scheme deserves attention for itself. We have often pointed out the necessary limitations of any reform attempted by the President alone. The constitutional restrictions of his authority and the assumptions of Senators and Representatives place him often in a very difficult and half-impotent position. There can be no essential and permanent reform until a system is established by law. Well-meaning Executive discretion in nominations and appointments may temporarily improve, but can not renew, the present system, and therefore every intelligent suggestion of better methods deserves careful consideration. The scheme presented in the *Republican* contemplates four cardinal points—a fair apportionment of the smaller offices among the Congressional districts; open local and competitive examinations to fill vacancies, to be held in the districts of which the quotas are not full; examination of deserving candidates only; and a Civil Service Board with general charge of the whole subject. This board is to consist of seven members appointed by the President and Senate, one of them to represent the President, and each one of the others one of the departments; their term to be six years, two retiring every two years. The sketch also specifies certain details of procedure which would be more properly regulated by the board.

The principles of the scheme are not unlike those of the report of the first Civil Service Commission in 1871–72, which are those of any reasonable and thorough system—competitive examination, entrance at the lowest grade, and promotion. Removal for cause only is not mentioned in the present scheme, but there is to be no dismissal without a hearing of those to be removed; nor is there any mention of probation. Under any good system of appointment, however, great discretion of removal may wisely be allowed, because temptation to its improper exercise will have been largely destroyed. The proposed apportionment of places among the Congressional districts is a concession to local feeling, which requires some thought as to the basis of distribution, but is not likely to do much mischief. It is not worth while, however, to dignify it, as the letter does, as a conformity to "the great underlying principle of our State and national government," of equal representation. That principle applies to elective offices, not to department clerks and messengers. The question that really underlies this proposition—which is, indeed, an actual law at the present time—is very much more serious, for it is a constitutional question. In January, 1845, a resolution was offered in the House of Representatives, which was never called up for debate, that the House consider that the public offices ought to be distributed among the States according to their Federal population. John Quincy Adams asked if the mover had considered the bearings of his resolution upon the constitutional Executive power of appointment. He meant undoubtedly that the Executive discretion was absolute, and could not be lawfully restricted by local lines.

The same question was encountered by the first Civil Service Commission at the very beginning of their inquiry. The Constitution provides that all appointments in the civil service, except such as it specifically mentions, shall be made by the President and Senate, or, at the option of Congress, by the President alone, or the courts of law, or the heads of departments. The question was, therefore, whether the decision of a board of examiners could be more than advisory, since, if it were conclusive, appointments would be made by an authority unknown to the Constitution. At the request of the Commission the question was referred by the President to the Attorney-General. The Attorney-General held that the power of appointment was not formal merely, but was a substantial function, implying judgment and will in its constitutional depositary, and that therefore no other judgment and will should have legal operation in appointments. His conclusion, consequently, was—and upon that conclusion the board necessarily acted—that as the imperative designation by a board of one person to be appointed destroys the discretion of the appointing officer, Congress could not constitutionally authorize such a method, although the appointing power might at its pleasure make use of it for information. The Attorney-General conceded, however, that Congress might authorize the presentation of a class of applicants from which the selection should be made, because that is merely narrowing the limitations of a choice which must necessarily have some limitations; and hence the board decided that the examination, instead of presenting one candidate, should present three, and that one of the three should be designated.

It is thus easy to see, although it is often forgotten, how much lies in the discretion of the Executive, and at the same time how much that discretion is restricted by the association of the Senate in appointments. For instance, the subordinate posts in the Custom-house are by law filled by the Secretary of the Treasury upon the nomination of the Collector. But the President can not appoint a Collector without the consent of the Senate. We looked with curiosity to see how the actual Executive appointment is to be attached to the preliminary process provided by the new scheme, and we find it in these words:

> "Their report [the decision of the board as to the person who should be appointed] shall be forwarded to the President, who shall, in the exercise of his power under the Constitution, make the final decision in the application of the candidate."

But this means no more than that the President may or may not adopt the recommendation of the board. He would use the board merely as a method of acquiring information. His discretion would remain absolutely unfettered, and he could, at his pleasure, make a clean sweep at any moment. This leaves the individual discretion of every President the condition of reform; and as this has been always the situation, the proposition is not promising. The general principles of the scheme, however, are sound; the details could be modified very readily; and the subject has now been so widely considered that we trust the President, who is sincerely desirous of a real and permanent reform, will bring the subject urgently to the attention of Congress. Meanwhile he will himself undoubtedly do all that the limitations of his position permit to show his good purpose.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARTY.

The President's journey through New England was attended by every sign of sincere respect. It was properly not a party progress, but the visit of the Chief Magistrate of the whole country, and he was received in the same spirit. Nothing was said by him or by the members of the cabinet that was not in the truest sense American and patriotic. His theme was the wisdom and justice of sincere union and fraternal feeling, a declaration that the mutual effort of all sections should now be for better understanding, and for allaying, not for promoting, sectional jealousy. There could not well be a better text for a President of the United States at this time, and, like all the acts of the President, his little tour has but increased the general regard for him and the confidence in his rectitude, his patriotism, and his courage. We do not believe that the President misunderstands the situation in the least degree. He knows, doubtless as well as any one, that to call into his cabinet an ex-rebel Democrat, the Greeley leader of '72, and the New Yorker whom the dominant influence in the Republican party of that State especially disliked—to follow such acts by the withdrawal of the troops in Louisiana and South Carolina, and then to prohibit office-holding management of politics—was to arouse a deadly hostility within his own party. If he had had any doubt upon the subject, it would have been instantly removed by the opposition of Mr. Blaine in the Senate; by the amazement of part of the Republican press, deepening into indignation as his administration proceeded; by the condemning silence of the Iowa Convention; by the demonstration at Woodstock, and its loud laudation by the same press; by the sullen contempt for the prohibitory order; by the wrath with the Custom-house investigating commission; and by the emphatic but indirect censure of the Maine Convention.

The President is apparently a singularly "level-headed" man. He is very tranquil and deliberate and observant, "without scare," and accustomed to responsibility. He has unquestionably seen all that has been visible to every one else, and his course has been taken upon high grounds of principle, with due reflection and calculation of the consequences. His reliance is plainly upon the general good sense and patriotism of the people. Without doubting that great political results are to be accomplished by party organization, he regards the organization as a servant, and not as a master. To resist party leaders and the current of party spirit is to take great risks. This we presume the President to know, and these risks he has taken. Among others, he has taken the risk of party defeat in the elections of this year. Or is it not more exactly true to say that he has taken the risk that is indispensable to party success? Even if it should not secure it, it was the only reasonable chance. The situation demanded of the President a decision between two tendencies in his party, and he had the sagacity to see it and to act. He could not compromise. "Saying nothing about it," "agreeing to differ," and all the familiar platitudes of counsel, would be of no avail. If he had made no choice, or had chosen the other course, the same causes that had relatively weakened the party from 1872 to 1876 would have weakened it in an accelerated ratio from the spring to the autumn of 1877.

The President's position, therefore, is that which, for its own success, the Republican party ought to occupy. We agree that there is great discontent, even indignation, and that ill feeling will make many Republicans indifferent at the elections of the autumn. But, on the other hand, there would have been a more formidable defection and indifference had the Administration pursued a different course. And this latter indifference will be fostered just in the degree that the party Conventions take a position of doubt or disaffection toward the Administration. It is said that its course ought not to be approved merely because it *is* its course. That is very true; it should be approved because, upon the whole, it is the right and wise and just course, and therefore most deserving of approval, and most serviceable to the cause for which the party exists. In New York, at least, the counsel that nothing shall be said in the Convention of subjects upon which there may be differences of opinion, is to advise that the Convention shall be silent upon the most prominent and real issues of the time, and shall repel the hearty sympathy and support of those whose aid is indispensable. Nobody cares to know what the principles of the Republican party are upon questions that are settled, but upon those which are unsettled, upon those which to-day actually engage the attention of the country. There must be a perfectly fair understanding of the party position. And there will be. Those who think it can be avoided are wholly deceived. As we have said heretofore, a Convention must declare itself either by speech or by silence, and inevitably the New York Convention will show whether the Republican party of the State adopts or rejects the spirit and the general course of the Administration. It seems to us that there can be no question which would be of greater service to the party.

RESUMPTION.

The firm and cheerful tone of Secretary Sherman's Ohio speech in regard to resumption was very gratifying to all who feel that nothing else will produce confidence, without which there can be no industrial revival. There is, indeed, no subject upon which there is more dogmatism and more honest difference of opinion and more bewildering speculation than that of resumption, and it is very agreeable to see that the Secretary is both clear and confident as to the most practicable method. We trust that, in concert with intelligent members of Congress who agree with his views, he will be able to prevent any tinkering and obstruction of the law, and as he is of opinion that resumption can be secured under the law, that he will be allowed to take his course. If he waits until every body is agreed upon the amount of gold we must actually have on hand before resuming, he will certainly make no progress. Indeed, there are very few points upon which the friends of resumption agree. From Senator Matthews, who proposes that all customs dues shall be payable in greenbacks, to the advocate of payment of five per cent. of such dues in the same paper, those who profess to desire resumption hopelessly differ as to methods.

There is the same want of harmony both as to facts and probabilities. Secretary Sherman thinks that even if Congress should decline to authorize him to sell United States bonds for United States notes, coin can be accumulated gradually and in season to secure resumption, and that he can get gold at four per cent. at par. Another friend of resumption is equally confident that it can be done only in inconsiderable amounts. One authority is sure that one hundred and fifty millions of gold would be amply adequate for resumption. Another smiles at the idea that less than dollar for dollar will suffice. And still a third scoffingly inquires whether government resumption will suffice. The discord of opinion is loud, not to speak of the Babel of inflation; but over the hubbub rises the clear voice of the Secretary: "I feel confident in saying to you this day that if undisturbed, with or without a change of the law, every dollar of United States notes will, before the time fixed for resumption, buy as much as an equal amount in either gold or silver." By a change in the law the Secretary means, of course, an added facility, as in the power to sell bonds for greenbacks. But he would probably prefer to take the chances of the unchanged law rather than of its alteration by a Congress of such discordant financial views as the next is sure to be.

There is plainly a great fear of the extent of the desire of unlimited and irredeemable paper even upon the part of many Republicans in the Western States. But those who are sincerely opposed to it must see that the true policy is to draw the line at once, and not to coquet with such a pernicious theory for the sake of supposed political advantage. If the Ohio Republican Convention had adopted the financial platform attributed to Senator Matthews, it would have fatally wounded the party elsewhere. Nothing would more strengthen it than a firm and simple and positive platform in every State, taking as clear a position upon the financial question as it took upon that of slavery extension. A party really gains nothing by ducks and quibbles upon vital questions. There is no doubt in the mind of the voters that the chances of inflation and postponement of resumption are very much greater under Democratic than under Republican auspices. The Republican Conventions do not change this conviction by obscure talk upon the subject, and they lose the advantage which a bold and spirited declaration of the true doctrine always secures. The Secretary of the Treasury has given the word, and all who agree with his beneficent purpose will heartily make it the Republican policy.

A PICKWICKIAN PLATFORM.

The Democratic platforms agree this year in two things only. One is the denunciation of what is alleged to be the fraud by which the Presidential dispute was settled, and the other is the declaration that for this one time only its result shall be tolerated. The action of Mr. Charles Francis Adams is typical of that of the party. He denounced the President personally as branded on his forehead with fraud, and then sought a personal introduction to him at Cambridge. It is one of the most significant signs of the political situation that the Democratic party can stand together only on such a Pickwickian platform. The party offers no harmonious programme of principle or policy, and apparently relies for success in 1880 upon the assertion that it was defrauded in 1876. But that nothing may be wanting to the hollow pretense of the platform, the Democratic candidate for Governor in Maine quietly assumes that it means nothing whatever. The Convention had duly recoiled from "the most monstrous political fraud recorded in history." But the candidate declined to shudder. He looks steadfastly at the resolution, and says, "I nowhere find in it any impeachment of the President's title to the high office which he now occupies," and adds that even if there were frauds in the States, the Electoral Commission might have believed them to be beyond their authority to determine. A more ludicrous bomb-shell in a political sham-fight could not be imagined. The candidate almost deserves election for this contemptuous pricking of the party tom-tom.

The Pennsylvania Democratic Convention, having made the usual declaration of fraud, proceeds to say,

> "The same spirit of patriotism which forbore a contest upon the first offense will resist and punish any attempt at a second."

If this has any meaning whatever as a political statement, it is that the President was unlawfully declared elected, and that a similar unlawful declaration will be resisted. This is a proposition which Republicans will not hesitate to discuss. The discussion will only show conclusively that the action of both parties in certain States, before and after the election, had thrown the

lawful result into extreme doubt. The allegations of murderous violence on one side and of fraud on the other were so positive that even the moral probability was doubtful. The Constitution and the laws, unhappily, afforded no solution that was not vehemently disputed. There was but one chance of a peaceful issue, and that, in the midst of party fury, seemed to be hopeless, for it was nothing less than a mutual agreement to abide by arbitration. Such, however, was the unexpected patriotism of Congress that this agreement was reached in the passage of a law creating a tribunal, the composition of which was expressly stated, and which was invested with all the powers of Congress upon the subject, of which itself was to be the judge. This tribunal was to hear argument and decide, and its decision was to be referred to Congress for approval. The tribunal assembled. It heard the allegations and the arguments, and made its decisions upon principles that have been always professed by the Democratic party. The decisions were referred to Congress. Congress ratified them. Mr. Hayes was inaugurated, and no title could be more perfectly lawful than his.

This action was one of the greatest and most patriotic events in American history. It was the peaceful composition of a portentous dispute for which there was no provision of law. The Democratic platforms now declare that it was a monstrous fraud; that is to say, that the majority of the tribunal, including three justices of the Supreme Court, were unprincipled scoundrels. We venture to think that, in a general discussion of the subject, the names of the majority of the tribunal would not suffer in weight of character with those of their associates. But there is no allegation that the tribunal transcended its powers, and the Democratic declaration therefore is, that should another Presidential dispute arise and be referred by mutual consent to a tribunal which should lawfully decide it, the Democratic party would resist the decision if it did not like it. We greatly mistake the temper and good sense of the American people if this kind of pronunciamento should be serviceable to any party. Of course we do not deny the suspicious circumstances of the count in Louisiana, as we accept the indisputable evidence of the violence before the election in the same State. If the character of members of the board was doubtful, that of the bulldozers was infamous beyond doubt. No man could be morally sure of the real result of the election, and the only just and honorable settlement of the trouble was adopted. To decry it now as a fraud is to invite the contempt which the Democratic candidate in Maine wisely shows for the Convention that nominated him.

THE THIRD CUSTOM-HOUSE REPORT.

The third report of the New York Custom-house Commission is upon the weighers' and gaugers' department, and the commission's opinion of that department may be inferred from its recommendation that all the weighers be immediately discharged, and that the whole system be reorganized. The commission find, in fact, that the department is idle, extravagant, purely partisan, and addicted to collusion which is perilously near corruption. These reports are the first revelation of the interior condition of the Custom-house business that the public has had for many years. When a Congressional commission of the dominant party has explored these mysteries, it is astonishing how efficient, economical, industrious, public-spirited, and honest the service was. Custom-house officers were men, indeed, and shared the fallibility of our common humanity. But the planet might be challenged to show a superior service. The carping, querulous, partisan report of the opposition minority was of "no account." It was their business to find fault. On the other hand, when the opposition party investigated, what a revelation! The Augean stables were abodes of purity in comparison with these sinks and dens of filth and corruption. The rhetorical fervor of the inodorous metaphors was enough to breed a pestilence in the warm weather, and the only surprise was that the government had not succumbed to the pirates, leeches, barnacles, thieves, and assassins of public virtue that were quartered in the government offices. These antagonistic reports exploded in Congress and the newspapers, and that was generally the end of it. It was stage thunder, not an elemental convulsion. It was beans and sheet-iron—nothing more.

The present commission, however, is not partisan, and has unquestionably desired to do nothing but ascertain and report the truth. Its difficulties have been enormous, and it has undoubtedly made mistakes. The Custom-house is the arena of a vast conflict of many interests, and it is not easy even to know how to begin to explore its ways and its abuses. We have no doubt that the commission has been secretly obstructed by those who could not but suffer by an adverse report, and that in carrying out the commission's recommendations great injustice has been here and there done. The method of dealing with the Custom-house is not that which we should have chosen, but we are very sure that it will have admirable results if the Administration maintains itself against the combined interests that do not mean to yield if they can help it.

The delays in dealing directly with the public offices in New York have been due, we presume, to many causes. It is easier to see and to describe and to denounce the evils of an existing complicated system than to reform it peremptorily and wisely. It is only when the first decisive step of reform is taken that the real force and the spirit of the hostility are known. The party machine is strong with a thousand interests, convictions, prejudices, and traditions. The President, already suspected by an intense partisan feeling, sets himself resolutely to break it. In revenge, the machine would gladly break him. Compromise is impossible. He must beat or be beaten. General Grant's surrender to the machine had much more to do with the alienation of a large and powerful vote, which is "naturally" Republican, than is generally believed; and nothing strengthens President Hayes more than the general conviction that he does not mean to surrender. But it is dastardly in those who share that faith to leave him to fight alone. Those who approve his purpose should sustain him and it in every just way—by writing and speaking, and, if they can do neither, by hearty co-operation in such offices as they may be called to fill. He has a right to expect from those who sympathize with his patriotic aims something more than piddling and captious criticism. It is, indeed, a poor patriot who will have no progress if he can not have it exactly at his own time and in his own way. On the other hand, delay in necessary action upon the part of the Executive may be so prolonged as naturally to dishearten those who can take no initiative. Apparent doubt or hesitation in the Executive is a grave injury to the good cause, because it is discouraging and demoralizing to all who support it. Rapid and decisive action is often as useful in political as in military campaigns. Yet one thing is always clear: it is that the President's purpose is the cause of honest, intelligent, and patriotic citizens, and his side is therefore theirs.

THE EASTERN WAR.

There may be at any moment a great and decisive battle in Bulgaria, for since the action at Plevna both the Russians and the Turks have been concentrating troops, the Turks with reviving confidence, and the Russians with sudden consciousness of the need of all their resources and sagacity. The wisest observers, however, are of opinion that Plevna may be a blessing in disguise. If the Turks had been defeated, they would probably have been persuaded to make peace. They would then have surrendered Bulgaria, retaining the suzerainty, and perhaps Montenegro and Batum. The Turkish question would not have been settled, but the settlement would have been advanced one step. As it is, however, the war will continue under conditions apparently more equal than had been supposed, and the final terms for Turkey will consequently be more severe. We assume, of course, the ultimate defeat of Turkey, because it is not to be supposed that she could succeed against Russia without aid, and because it is now tolerably clear that no aid will be furnished. Russia, indeed, is but enforcing the judgment of Europe, including England, against Turkey, and the powers can not consider the contest as a mere difference between the states engaged.

It is remarked, also, that the Turks have furnished no efficient leaders. Their own generals did nothing. Indeed, the Russian defeat at Plevna was due to the carelessness of overconfidence, produced by a virtually unopposed advance. But the Turkish victory at Plevna was not won by Turkish commanders, but by foreigners, by renegades. The Turkish admiral is an Englishman, and the Turkish general is a German. The Ottoman military genius is apparently extinct, and it is only Europeans in the Mohammedan livery who maintain Turkey against Europe. Throughout the contest the conduct of England has not been such as to command respect or admiration. There were but two courses open to her. She should have taken an honorable open part, or she should have remained honorably neutral. But she has really done neither. She has been willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike. Lord Derby's dispatch was really a counter-manifesto to that of Russia. Meanwhile England ostentatiously takes under her protection the Suez Canal, which was not threatened, and so gives Egypt a broad hint that she may help Turkey without fear of consequences at home. She sends a fleet to Besika Bay, re-enforcements to Malta, and an expedition to survey Gallipoli with a view to occupation. These are all demonstrations ineffective for any serious purpose, but quite sufficient to reveal a hostile and "ugly" spirit.

If the English government were of opinion that British interests, meaning the existence of England as a civilizing power, were threatened by a war between Russia and Turkey, she should have openly opposed the war in the interests of civilization; or if she agreed that Turkey needed chastisement or restraint which could not wisely be intrusted to the hands of Russia alone, she should have united with the rest of Europe to compel Turkey to furnish all necessary guarantees. Avoiding both these courses, the one that she has pursued has very much imbittered political differences at home, and abroad has placed the country in a position far from dignified. Whether this policy has been due, as Mr. Freeman seems to suppose, to the instinctive Asian sympathies of Lord Beaconsfield, or to a sincere apprehension that semi-barbarous Russia threatened the influence of civilizing England, it is a policy of the worst kind, for it disappoints one side in the contest, and it disgusts the other.

OCTOBER THE SEVENTEENTH, 1777 AND 1877.

The great Revolutionary anniversary of the State of New York is the surrender of Burgoyne—one of the cardinal events, if not really the decisive battle, of the war. Each of the New England States has celebrated in the most enthusiastic and fitting manner the centennial anniversary of their famous battles. The State treasuries and private generosity have combined to pay the expenses, and the results in every instance were most gratifying. Long and ample preparation was made, and an honorable and inspiring State pride was aroused that will nourish a true patriotism. The feeling of New York was shown at the immense popular demonstration at Oriskany in commemoration of the heroic fight which was tributary to the great triumph at Saratoga, or Schuylerville, where Burgoyne laid down his arms. The Saratoga Monument Association has that celebration in charge, but of course it has no money for the purpose. The Legislature made an appropriation, which the Governor vetoed, so that the sole reliance of the association is upon private patriotism. It asks but five thousand dollars for the necessary expenses, and gifts of any sum will be gratefully received by the treasurer, W. L. Stone, post-office box 2347, New York. Burgoyne's surrender was the Revolutionary glory of New York, and the commemoration of it should be worthy of the State.

PERSONAL.

Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia, one of the most brilliant preachers of the time, and concededly among the first pulpit orators of the Episcopal Church, has been for a month past preaching at Newport, Rhode Island. It has given an additional delight to the large number of cultivated people whose summer residence is at Newport to have had among them a prelate so greatly loved for his piety and eloquence. In the Bishop's annual address to the last Episcopal Convention of the diocese of Georgia, he makes allusion to a gentleman of this city whose beneficence to deserving church charities, at home and elsewhere, has been as bounteous as the manner of it has been unostentatious. That gentleman is our brother publisher Mr. William H. Appleton, whose gift is thus spoken of by the Bishop:

"During your session one year ago, in Macon, you were kind enough to visit as a body the Appleton Church Home, and then to pass a resolution expressing the gratification afforded by your visit.... May I not suggest that an institution which has thus received your approval has some claim upon your prayers and your bounty? The Home costs the diocese nothing; it is free from debt; it lives within its income; it takes care of orphan girls who have no protectors; gives them a plain English education; feeds and clothes them; teaches them sewing, housekeeping, cooking, washing, and ironing; trains them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and thus prepares them for lives of holiness and usefulness. Does not such an institution deserve at your hands something more than a resolution? During the past year it has cared for twenty-five orphans. The Home is in charge of three faithful, self-denying Christian women, who, without money and without price, labor for the welfare of the children and the good of the Church. The building is the gift of the noble Churchman of New York city whose name the Home bears, and two of the Christian women who devote their lives to this work have come to us from Louisiana. Wishing to encourage us in charitable works and to secure the success of this institution, Mr. Appleton has, with loving generosity, endowed it with *ten thousand dollars*."

—It is seldom that brothers are elected to the same Congress, though at one time there were three of the Washburns in the House of Representatives, and Fernando and Benjamin Wood, of this city, were in the Thirty-eighth Congress. In Great Britain they have more of that sort of thing. There are in the House of Commons two brothers Brassey, John and Jacob Bright, two Denisons, two Chaplins, two Beckets, two Browns, two M'Arthurs. Two sons of the Earl of Ellesmere represent important constituencies, the Hon. Algernon sitting for South-east Lancashire, and the Hon. Francis for East Derbyshire. The best-represented family in the House is that of the Duke of Abercorn, who has three sons—the Marquis of Hamilton, who represents Donegal, Lord George, who sits for Middlesex, and Lord Claude, the member for Lynn-Regis. The O'Conor Don has a brother, Denis, who represents County Sligo. The stability of the Peel family is represented by Arthur Wellesley, member for Warwick, while its brilliancy is popularly supposed to be found in the person of the baronet who represents the family borough of Tamworth.

—Miss Eliza Bennett's feat of swimming from the foot of West Twentieth Street to Hoboken, a distance of about one mile, has called public attention to the utility, if not necessity, of teaching ladies to swim. A few days since, at the private bathing-house at the foot of West Twentieth Street, we saw ladies of over fifty years of age, and quite portly, who had learned to swim after two lessons, and some dozen of little girls, from five to twelve years of age, who had learned in two or three lessons, and who appeared perfectly happy in mermaiding about. Indeed, they were reluctant to leave the water. There is scarce any excuse for a lady's not acquiring this valuable art where it can be done in three or four hours.

—"Peter Parley" is in demand. Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, has for a long time been seeking for a complete set of the *Tales* of that charming old writer, to be placed in the national library. So far he has been unsuccessful. Congress greatly needs a fresh infusion of literature, perfectly simple in style, laudable in purpose, like P. P., and adapted to the limited culture of the ordinary legislator.

—Count Moltke has recently expressed the opinion that Russia will be the conqueror in the war with Turkey, and that the contest will not be a prolonged one. He said, "The Russians will be victorious, only their leader must not lack the four G's which every general requires, viz., *Geld*, *Geduld*, *Genie*, and *Glück*"—money, patience, genius, and luck.

—Captain Sir Lambton Lorraine, the British commander who saved the lives of two Americans at the time of the capture of the *Virginius*, has been remembered by the miners of Nevada, who have sent him a solid gold brick, with the inscription, "Captain Sir Lambton Lorraine, you are a brick.—The Miners of Nevada."

—Thus saith the Boston *Courier* of one of the wittiest men and cleverest writers on the New York press: "The special humorist of the *Tribune* at present is Isaac H. Bromley, who has seen not a little of life. He was a captain in a Connecticut regiment, and served with distinction until the close of the struggle. A graduate of Yale, and a man of varied reading, he can use his culture to advantage, and is often very felicitous in his allusions. He is entirely familiar with politics, and writes some of the best political articles on the fourth page. Only now and then does he undertake the purely humorous or satirical, and his undertaking is invariably crowned with success. His editorials of this sort are generally recognized, read with keen relish, and copied far and wide. He has a genius for pricking bubbles, as wind-bags in public life have learned to their angry discontent. Ridicule is a strong weapon in his hands, and he employs it most skillfully, and to the discomfiture of the persons against whom he turns it."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A terrible accident occurred on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad on the 29th ult. A severe storm had washed out a culvert and bridge at the east branch of Four-mile Creek, seven miles from Des Moines, and a western-bound passenger train plunged into the stream, and was completely wrecked, with the exception of the sleeping-car. Seventeen persons were killed and thirty-five wounded.

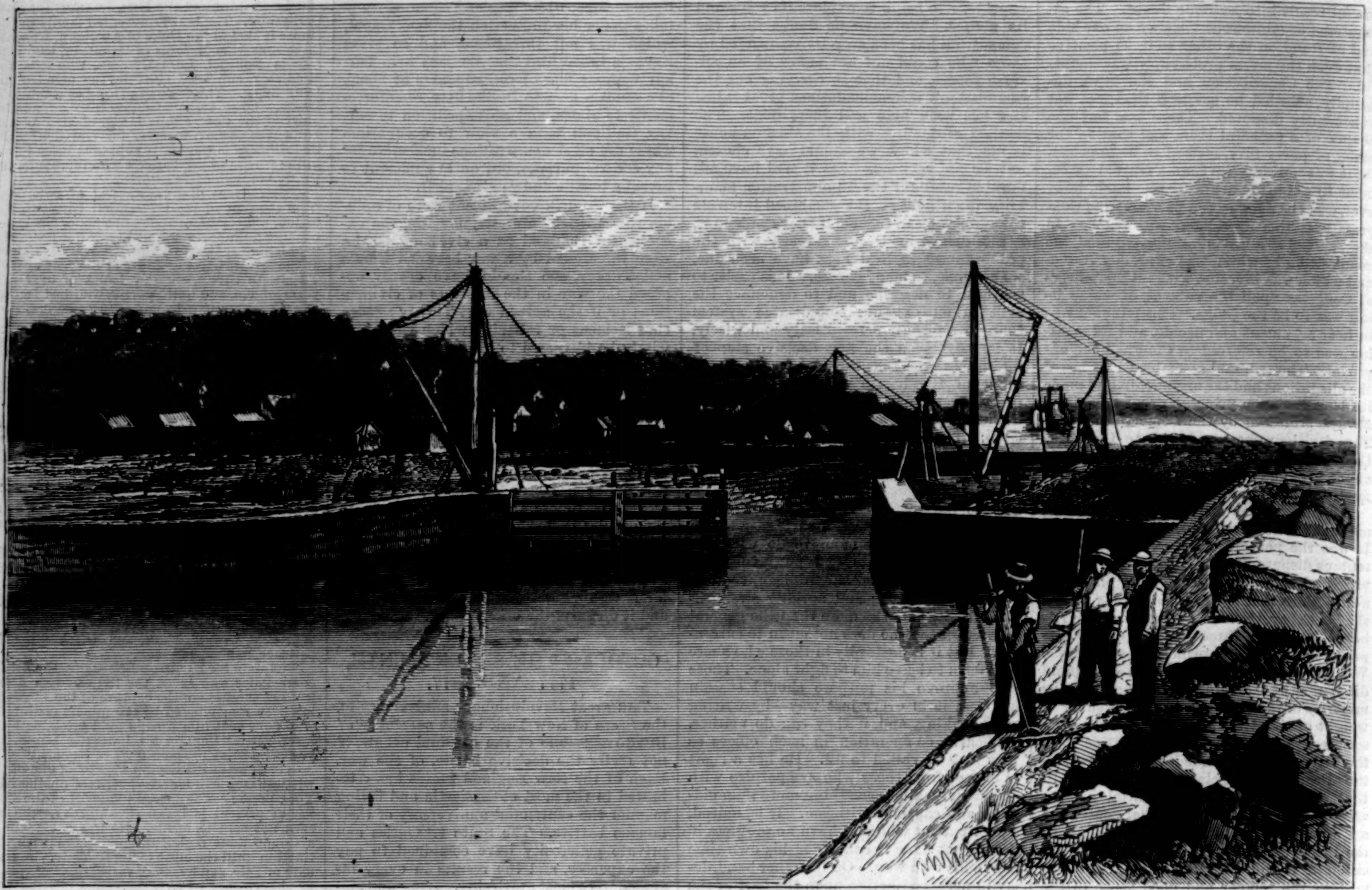
The Iowa Democratic State Convention met at Marshalltown on the 29th ult. John R. Irish was nominated for Governor by acclamation, and W. C. James was named for Lieutenant-Governor.

General Sherman, telegraphing from Montana, on the 28th ult., says the Indians have got across the Yellowstone, below the lake and above the falls, and that they killed two parties of visitors to the Geysers, sparing the ladies. General Howard has replenished his stores and is in pursuit.

A call has been issued for the New York Republican State Convention to meet at Rochester on the 26th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: At the date of this writing the Russians still hold the Shipka Pass. A dispatch from Suleiman Pasha, dated August 26, says: "The Turks occupied Alikrid Jebel heights, to the left of the enemy's works, threatening their line of retreat, on the 21st inst., but the Russians succeeded on Friday in dislodging them. On Saturday, Vessel Pasha, with two brigades, gained a footing, and the fighting continued all night. By three o'clock Sunday morning the Russians were completely driven from the heights. The Russians, receiving re-enforcements, made a final assault, but were unsuccessful, and returned to their fortified works. The cannonade continued all Sunday without effect." Suleiman concludes his dispatch as follows: "The matter is not yet decided, as we have not yet taken the enemy's fortified works. Our losses are yet unknown. One thousand Russian dead were found when the enemy were driven from Alikrid Jebel heights." Two days later Suleiman Pasha telegraphs: "Our intrenched line of investment is only 150 paces from the enemy's fortifications. We still hold the commanding Alikrid Jebel heights. The Russians are blockaded on three sides. Every effort is being made to complete the blockade by cutting them off from the road to Gabrova. The Russian forces have been cruelly decimated, and they have retired to their fortified positions. Cannonading and outpost engagements are carried on intermittently." On the 29th he says: "We continue to blockade the enemy, and threaten his retreat by the Gabrova road. There has been some artillery firing to-day. Our outposts exchanged musket-shots with the enemy. A reconnaissance in the vicinity of Gabrova shows that the Russians occupy Ehilagatch, three hours' march this side of Gabrova." A dispatch from Adrianople to the London *Standard*, dated the 30th ult., reports that troops from Batum are pouring to the front at the rate of 5000 per day. They have exchanged their old guns for Martini-Henry rifles. A Russian bulletin admits that the Russian loss in wounded at Shipka, up to the 28th ult., was 2731.—In Asia, Mukhtar Pasha claims to have achieved a great victory over the Russians on the 25th ult., at Kurukdara, about twenty miles northeast of Kars. In an official dispatch he says: "We have gained a great victory, having carried the heights of Kiziltepe during the night, and repulsed three Russian attempts to retake them. Two hundred cannon were brought into action. The engagement became a great battle, lasting until six o'clock on Saturday evening. The enemy were routed along the whole line, with the loss of 4000 killed and wounded. We captured an immense quantity of arms and munitions. General Tchoutchowassoff, commanding the Russian cavalry, was killed."



THE DES MOINES RAPIDS CANAL—THE GUARD LOCK ABOVE THE RAPIDS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. P. LIBBY.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

THROUGH THE VETA PASS.

WE give on this page a view on the newly constructed Fort Garland extension of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad through the Veta Pass. The road is remarkable for the magnificent scenery through which it winds, and for the engineering difficulties overcome in its construction. At the summit of the Sangre de Cristo Pass it attains the highest elevation yet reached by railroad in America. We quote from the correspondence of the Topeka *Commonwealth* the following vivid description of the ride from La Veta to the summit—a distance of fourteen miles:

"The track starts up the mountains at an average grade of one foot to every twenty-five feet, soon twisting into a vertigo of crookedness as it scales the edges of precipitous peaks, and crosses chasms so dark in depth that the eye can not reach the bottom of them. At one point, looking upward over a gorge 100 yards wide, you see the line of the road ahead of you along the spur of the mountain 500 feet overhead. Then you cross Mule Shoe Bend—only 750 feet in width, but 375 feet higher on the upper than on the lower side—and two miles of writhing and climbing place you on the perilous height just named. Looking backward now on

THROUGH THE VETA PASS—THE ASCENT ON DUMP MOUNTAIN—GRADE, 217 FEET PER MILE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY H. WORRALL.]

the opposite side of the gorge, you see the track over which you passed but half an hour before, only a stone's-throw distant in a horizontal line, and still so far below you that you are stupefied with amazement; and far, far beneath that yet, the yellow wagon road winds out and in, shadowed with unseen foliage, and narrow like a grave.

"Another interval of slow and tiresome ascent, and we land upon the summit, 2445 feet above La Veta, a mile and a half nearer heaven than we were when we left home, 9345 feet above the level of the sea—the highest point attained by any railroad in this country, and, with only one exception, in the world."

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THE death of BRIGHAM YOUNG at Salt Lake City, on the 29th of August, will probably be noted in history as the beginning of the downfall of the system of ignorance and licentiousness of which he has been so long the head. No one who may be chosen to succeed him can possess a tithe of the personal force which characterized the successor of JOSEPH SMITH. He was himself state and Church. His will was law in civil and religious affairs. None dared oppose him. He ruled his subjects with a rod of iron. The ignorant obeyed him blindly as the prophet of God; others feared his power. No one can succeed to his place under like conditions. Whoever may be chosen, schism, intrigue, and dissent must follow, leading to the breaking up of the horrible system which has acquired such strength under his despotic rule.

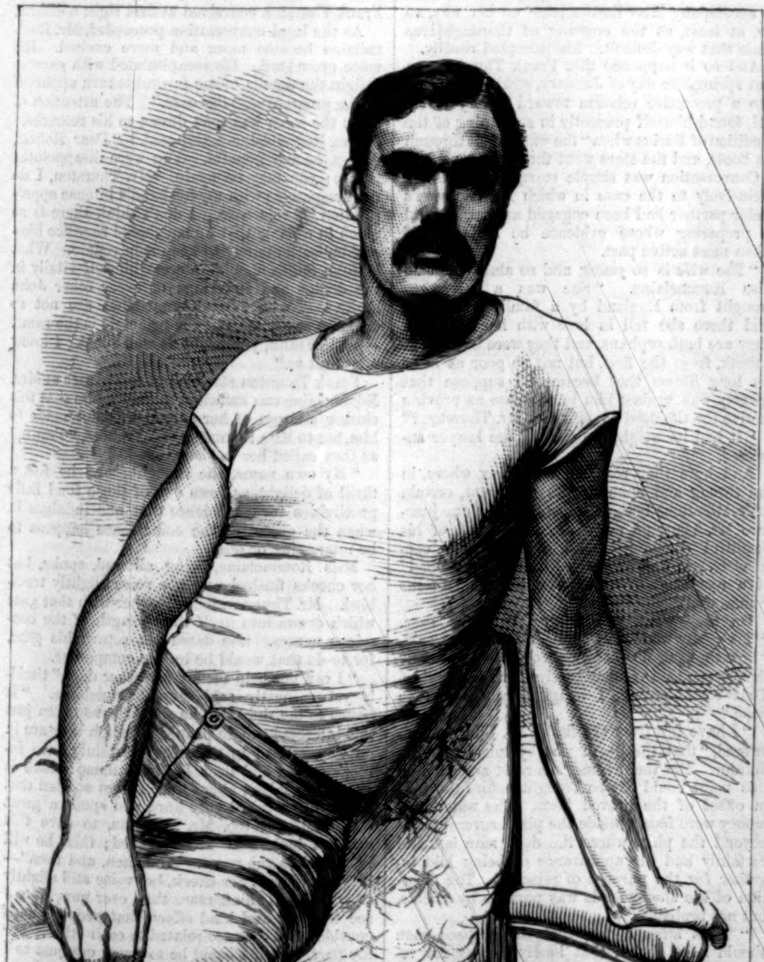
Had JOSEPH SMITH never invented the imposture of the Book of Mormon, BRIGHAM YOUNG would probably have remained an artisan all his life. He was the son of JOHN YOUNG, a poor farmer of the town of Whitingham, Windham County, Vermont, where the future "prophet" was born June 1, 1801. In 1804 the family removed to Chenango County, in this State; from there he went to Steuben County in 1817, and ten years later he removed to Monroe County. The YOUNG family were all Methodists but BRIGHAM, who was skeptical as to religion till he was converted to the Mormon faith in 1832. In early life BRIGHAM YOUNG worked on his father's farm. He afterward learned the occupation of a carpenter, painter, and glazier, and followed this business for eighteen years. In 1824 he married MIRIAM WORKS, who died eight years afterward, leaving two daughters.

When about thirty years of age BRIGHAM YOUNG first saw the Book of Mormon. A year later he became a convert to the teachings of JOSEPH SMITH, and was admitted to the Mormon Church. His first sight of the "prophet" took place five months afterward, when he made a journey to Kirtland, Ohio, for that purpose On this occasion SMITH invited the new convert to pray. In the course of the prayer he suddenly began to "speak in tongues," and SMITH assured those present that the unknown sounds were "the pure Adamic language—the language in which ADAM courted EVE!". BRIGHAM YOUNG often resorted to this device in after-times, and his ignorant followers were roused to strange frenzy while listening to senseless ejaculations, which they believed to be the primal language of the human race.

SMITH soon perceived that he had secured a valuable ally in BRIGHAM YOUNG, whom he induced to settle in Kirtland, and shortly afterward ordained him one of the Twelve Apostles. From that time YOUNG devoted all his energies to the building up of the Mormon Church. He shared in the privations and tribulations of his leader, took part in important missions through the Eastern States and in England, where he made many converts to the new faith, and rose to a position of influence among the Mormons hardly second to that of his chief. To him the Mormons owe the most revolting feature of their system, that of polygamy. He has himself boasted that "the Lord revealed it to him" while he was in England. On his return to this country he communicated the scheme to his leader, who informed him that it was a "true principle." Shortly afterward SMITH had a "revelation," and promulgated the hideous doctrine as a rule of the Mormon faith.

After the assassination of SMITH, in the Carthage jail, on the 27th of June, 1844, BRIGHAM YOUNG succeeded in placing himself at the head of the Mormon Church. SIDNEY RIGDON had aspired to the "prophet's" chair, but he was a weak man, and easily shoved aside. Unforgiving as well as ambitious, BRIGHAM YOUNG pursued his defeated rival with anathemas, and doomed him to be "buffeted in the flesh for a thousand years." The new "prophet" did not find his position one of ease. The "Gentiles" looked with disfavor on the Mormons, and sought by every means to break up the community. At length the westward movement was decided upon. BRIGHAM YOUNG'S intention was, no doubt, to found an independent state in a region far from the bounds of civilization. The idea was not his own. Some time before his death, JOSEPH SMITH had sent pioneers to

BRIGHAM YOUNG.



CHARLES E. COURTNEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. R. ABBOTT.—[SEE PAGE 723.]

DUDLEY SELPH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL.—[SEE PAGE 723.]

explore the West, and they had selected the region about the Great Salt Lake as the future home of the "Saints." It was no light undertaking to lead the Mormon pilgrimage across the Rocky Mountains. The people were very poor, and many were aged and infirm. They endured great want and privation. Many died by the way. Their leader maintained strict discipline and exercised constant vigilance during the perilous journey.

The first band of Mormons reached Salt Lake July 24, 1847. After staking out the future city, and setting pioneers to work at ploughing and sowing, BRIGHAM YOUNG retraced his steps for the purpose of conducting another pilgrimage across the mountains. The greater part of the Mormons arrived during the next year; and the population was still further increased by a large emigration from every country in Europe.

In 1849 the State of Deseret—the name signifying, according to the Mormons, "the home of the honey-bee"—was provisionally organized, and BRIGHAM was chosen Governor. Congress, however, refused to look with favor upon the application of the newly organized State for admission into the Union, and a Territorial government was established in 1850, President FILLMORE appointing BRIGHAM YOUNG Governor. Though BRIGHAM accepted this office, he defied the authority of the United States from the beginning. As early as 1851 the Federal judges came into collision with him, and left the Territory. This led to a resolution for BRIGHAM'S removal, but his successor was not able to get control of the government for some years afterward. Colonel STEPTOE was first appointed, and he arrived in Utah in 1854 with a battalion of soldiers; but he found the Mormons so strong and so hostile that he did not think it prudent to assume the office, and found an excuse for getting away. The next year he was ordered to California. This made the Mormons still more arrogant, and in 1856 all the Federal officers, with the exception of the Indian agent, left the Territory, determined, if they could, to obtain some action from Congress against BRIGHAM and his associates, who ruled by the grace of God.

The following year the position of Governor was conferred upon ALFRED CUMMING, of Georgia, and a force of 2500 men, under the command of Colonel ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, was sent to Utah to enforce the authority of the United States. The Mormons were defiant, and at first they successfully harassed the troops, and so frightened the government into a compromise. The troops remained in the Territory, and there was a nominal Governor, but all actual authority was in BRIGHAM YOUNG'S control.

As the advance of emigration and the rapid settlement of the Pacific coast brought Utah into closer communication with the rest of the country, public sentiment demanded that the government should take action in regard to the Mormon system of polygamy. In 1862 Congress passed a law prohibiting the practice, and punishing the transgressor with fine and imprisonment. There were no United States troops in Utah, and BRIGHAM YOUNG had nothing to fear. He denounced the law from the pulpit. He took a new wife, AMELIA FOLSOM, of Iowa, who soon became the queen and favorite of his harem, and his example was followed by many of his flock. At length, however, a body of California volunteers, under General CONNOR, was sent to Utah to enforce the decisions of the Federal courts, and BRIGHAM YOUNG was compelled to show outward respect to authority thus supported. But he made no change in his household. ANN ELIZA, his nineteenth wife, made him a good deal of trouble a few years ago by suing for divorce; but YOUNG pleaded that the woman to whom he was married in 1834, and who survives him, was his "only legal wife," and ANN ELIZA was unsuccessful.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S death was perhaps hastened by the anxieties arising from the trial and execution of LEE for his participation in the horrible Mountain Meadows massacre—a crime which YOUNG is suspected of instigating. He knew that efforts were making to discover legal evidence of his guilt, and dread of being brought to trial preyed on his mind day and night. He had been in feeble health for several months, but was only a week seriously ill. His death leaves room for only one regret—that so great a criminal should not have been brought to justice and made to suffer for his misdeeds.

MY OWN NAME.

MR. ROBERT EDWARD ROMMELAINE pushed back his morocco-lined arm-chair from his comfortable breakfast table and opened the morning newspaper.

He read the editorials, studied carefully a column of commercial quotations, scanned the "Cleared" and "Arrived" of the Marine Intelligence, and turning back the sheet, proceeded leisurely to investigate the miscellaneous items.

Suddenly his eyes became fixed with an expression of astonishment; the color flashed to his cheeks. He read quickly, with an absorbed air, the paragraph whose first sentence had aroused him. The expression of astonishment gave place to one of keen pain. He re-read the paragraph slowly, and, sighing deeply, folded the paper across his knees.

"My own name!" he said.

The ejaculation was made aloud, but no ear recorded it. Simon, the antiquated butler, had brushed away the crumbs, and had placed upon a dainty porcelain tray before Mr. Rommelaine the bright red apple that invariably concluded his morning repast; then disappeared. And there was no guest at table.

For two months, indeed, and more the sociable long oval had been drawn to round and laid for solitude. This contraction marked the absence of Mrs. Rommelaine, Mrs. Rommelaine's mother, Mr. Rommelaine's mother, the five Misses Rommelaine, and Robert Edward Rommelaine, Junior, the pride of the household heart.

"My own name!" Mr. Rommelaine repeated, reading for the third time the paragraph that had caused him to feel astonishment and pain.

When, after due interval, Simon returned to the dining-room, he found the red apple untouched. He lifted it scrutinizingly, rubbed it on his coat sleeve to be sure if it could have been susceptible of one glimmer more of polish, and then put it ruefully into his own pocket. "What 'as 'appened to marster?" was the mental reflection of this philosophical personage.

In the mean time Mr. Rommelaine, without any of the leisurely preliminaries that usually marked his departure, had left his house, and was hastening "down town" by an unfamiliar route, toward a quarter of the city quite removed from business streets, and filled with dingy habitations. He studied the small signs visible at the street corners, and presently, alighting from the avenue car, turned into the dingiest of these dismal byways. Walking slowly, and observant of every house that he passed, he reached at last a small old-fashioned domicile standing in a court-yard, penned in between two towering tenement-houses of the modern type. There he paused.

"And here it is." His face actually flushed with chagrin as this conclusion was made; flushed again when, having passed through the rickety gate, up the dingy little court, he asked of a ragged loiterer in the open doorway, "Is Mrs. Robert Edward Rommelaine within?"

"Second floor front," answered the lounger, removing the pipe from his mouth, and nonchalantly puffing a whiff of rank tobacco into the inquirer's face. "Walk right up. There's been plenty enough to see her since the night of the—"

Mr. Rommelaine had walked right up. From the head of the stairs a narrow passage led to the door of second floor front. Closed as this door was, it could not conceal the presence of misery within. There came the sound of a woman's moan and heavy sighs, and a child's voice: "Don't cry so, dear mamma! oh, don't cry so, dear mamma!"

But when Mr. Rommelaine knocked, all became still. He waited, and knocked again. No sound. Five minutes of silence passed, and then he turned the door knob deliberately, and finding the door unlocked, entered the room.

A woman knelt beside a bed, with her face hidden in her hands. A little girl standing by her side and clinging to her, turned with alarm toward Mr. Rommelaine. The place they occupied was poverty-stricken in the extreme.

"You must not hurt my mamma," said the child. She added, as she saw fully his face, "You will not hurt dear mamma; she is ill."

The woman, whose moans had so suddenly ceased, did not stir, and Mr. Rommelaine, approaching her, took the little girl's trusting hand.

"I have come to help her," he said. "I have come to make her well. Rouse yourself, Mrs. Rommelaine."

He did not for one moment hesitate to decide the identity of the object of his search. But when the young woman with difficulty arose and staggered to a chair, and gazed helplessly with haggard eyes upon her guest, he had but one thought, and that thought audibly crossed his lips in the same tone of wonder and pain as in his solitude that morning—"My own name."

The woman looked at him with a weary apathy; her lips mechanically framed a question, "What do you know of it?" she asked.

"I know every thing of it," Mr. Rommelaine answered. "I know that he is charged with the gravest crime that man can commit against man; I know that he has been torn away from you and cast into prison. But I know that he is innocent." He paused a moment; the name in full crossed his mind—Robert Edward Rommelaine. "Yes," he continued, very earnestly, "he is innocent. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. His innocence must be proved."

Half an hour later a carriage ordered to the door received three occupants. "To the City Prison," was the direction given to the driver, and thither they drove in silence toward the wretched owner of a valued name, who all that day, as all that night before, faced his narrow cell in the misery of imprisonment, goaded by every passionate grief that can overtake a man when pursuit is inevitable and flight impossible.

It was one of those days that sometimes occur in late January, when, with snow still lying on the ground, the air seems full of spring. The busy streets of the great city, in the sudden thaw that followed unprecedented "good sleighing," were almost impassable. Foot passengers were ankle-deep in the flood, and their clothes were bespattered by the horses that slipped and stumbled through the mire. Overhead the weather was glorious; underfoot nothing could be more inglorious than the effect of the unseasonable warmth. The contrasts that the day assumed were mental as well as physical. It was the sort of day that makes labor irksome, that tempts vagrancy, and repudiates routine.

Frank Thurston, a studious young lawyer, became unaccountably restless about noon that day. He left his companions bending over their desks, and opening the window of an outer office, one of two or three used especially for consultation, he drew a chair to the window and gazed out. The opening was only upon a court, but a break in height between opposite buildings gave a generous space of sky. Across this sky, tenderly blue as April's own, floated a few light clouds. Frank Thurston's eye followed them: they were in accord with the gentle balm of the spring air that midwinter surreptitiously breathed.

He fell into one of those moods that the most active and content-to-work souls must sometimes fall into—the mood of dreamy discontent. Twenty-six years of life already passed, and what had come of it? Fortune? No. Happiness? No. A moderate success? Yes. Much to be thankful for in health, friends, and a congenial field of work? Yes. But, after all, on such a day as this there comes an *ennui*, a sense of incompleteness, a vague longing for experience, for possession, for life, so exquisite and so intense that the achievements of youth seem paltry in comparison, and its finest pleasures awaken disgust. A morbid mood; Frank Thurston knew it, but he yielded to the spell, nevertheless.

A faint knock on the door aroused him. "Come in," he shouted, in no particularly well-attuned voice.

A lady entered—a young lady richly costumed: velvet, dark fur, silk, diamonds perhaps: such was the soft, dark-tinted, yet brilliant effect. A beautiful girl with a face like April; that is, if April has laughing blue eyes, and "baby roses" on the cheeks, a pearly brow, and a tangle of gold-brown hair; and a way with her at once delicate and insinuating, spirited yet shy, altogether fresh and new and yet familiar as an old, old song.

Frank Thurston did not wait to make this comparative analysis. He applied himself instantly to courtesy and respectful attention, and the young lady told her errand.

"Is this Mr. Thurston? My father, Mr. Rommelaine, is at home to-day; he has taken a severe cold, and the doctor says he must not go out of the house for a week. He has sent me in his place to give you a little note; he would not trust it to messenger or telegraph. It is very important. You are to read it, please, and send a verbal answer."

She gave him a letter inclosing another letter. He read them carefully. She watched him while he read.

"Do you know the particulars of this case, Miss Rommelaine?" he asked.

"Yes; I am the only one at home that enters completely into my father's feelings concerning it. I have heard from him all its perplexities. I was with him when the news came of the verdict of 'guilty.' He has told me that 'twas by your ingenuity and exertion that the new trial has been ordered, and delay gained. I know, too, the contents of the letter that you have now read. Do you think it encourages any reliable hope?"

"I do think so," Mr. Thurston answered.

"I am so glad, so very glad. I am now on my way to see Mrs. Rommelaine; and my father said that, with your permission, I might tell her that a gleam of favorable evidence has at last reached us."

Mr. Thurston objected to this as premature, but promised a speedy investigation of the new source of information opened by a letter sent in answer to foreign advertisements made by Mr. Rommelaine, who had been indefatigable in seeking the assurance of an innocence in which, with stubborn unreasonableness, and in contradiction to much circumstantial evidence, he kept faith.

"Are you walking this morning, Miss Rommelaine?" asked Mr. Thurston, as his visitor was about to depart.

"Yes, I am prepared for a walk; but I hardly realized when I started how wet the streets would be down town."

Mr. Thurston, with a strange flutter of anxiety lest he should be refused, begged to be allowed to accompany Miss Rommelaine on her way, so far, at least, as the crossing of thoroughfares made that way difficult. She accepted readily.

And so it happened that Frank Thurston, on that spring-like day of January, suddenly thrown into a protective relation toward a very lovely girl, found himself presently in something of the condition of Marius when "the water went through his boots, and the stars went through his soul."

Conversation was simple enough. It related exclusively to the case in which Mr. Thurston's senior partner had been engaged as counsel, and in preparing whose evidence he had himself taken most active part.

"The wife is so young and so amiable," said Miss Rommelaine. "She was a governess brought from England by a family in B——. And there she fell in love with her husband. They are both orphans, and they were both poor, I think, from the first, but not so poor as after his long illness they became. I suppose that poverty was against him in the case as proving motive for the deed; was it not, Mr. Thurston?"

"It had its weight, no doubt," the lawyer answered.

And here they reached a crossing where, in the throng and upon unsafe pavement, certain little attentions became imperative; at one juncture Mr. Thurston even seized the hand of his beautiful companion, and did so quite consciously. It was, indeed, a little gloved "angel" of a hand, not often entertained by men-folks "unaware."

On they went, still talking over the case. "'Tis really wonderful," Miss Rommelaine said, "how the poor man's own theory is sustained by the letter that father received this morning. That corroboration, I imagine, causes you to hope."

"I have felt from the first," Mr. Thurston answered, "that the death was by suicide, not by murder. But the prisoner's earnest assertion on this point could not be brought before the jury in offset of the proved facts. The watch and money were found beside the pistol several paces beyond the place where the dead man lay, and certainly had the appearance of being laid together for the purpose of removal. The direction of the shot-wounds was possible by suicide, but not probable."

"'Twas strange, too, that the accused man should have chosen that lonely by-way for returning home so late at night."

"Yet it was the most direct course, almost parallel with the railway. Poor fellow, he says he hesitated some moments whether to take the car or walk. Even in the assurance that he had found at last a saving employment, and had 'a chance of life again,' his habit of poverty made him cling to the few cents that walking could save."

The words "a chance of life again" brought vividly to Miss Rommelaine's mind the vital interest. "Can you save him?" she asked, and added, with girlish warmth, "oh, if you can save him, I think you will win the best love of three people to the very end of your life—my father's beyond all; he has taken this whole affair into his heart of hearts."

"The water went through his boots, and the stars went through his soul." Frank Thurston, returning to his office, after taking leave of Miss Rommelaine, accepted the whole day as the most beautiful of days. The very contrast of overhead and underfoot had become idealized. If he looked up into the spring-like sky, he thought of her sweet face; if he looked down into the miry path, he thought of her bewitching little feet. "Overhead" had actually not done as much for him as "underfoot."

When he reached his office, every trace of *ennui* and of disgust at the want of harmony between the work-a-day and ideal worlds had vanished.

Miss Rommelaine visited the prisoner's wife, still occupying, by her own wish, the same room where Mr. Rommelaine had found her; but every thing in it was changed. An anteroom adjoining had been added, so the main room could be a comfortable parlor; it contained now pretty sofas and chairs, a sweet-toned cottage piano, pictures on the walls, and delicious groups of flowering plants. The poor wife, no longer haggard and utterly hopeless, had been surrounded with every comfort by her powerful friend, and she leaned devoutly upon his assurance that all would yet be well. She occupied herself with the care and teaching of her child.

The child, a loving little creature, flew to greet Miss Rommelaine; and during the half-hour visit both mother and child so perceptibly drew comfort and hope from her face and her words that she was quite absorbed in thoughts of them. But when she had left them, and had taken the avenue car for home, their images gave place to that of the young lawyer, Mr. Thurston. Was it the strange loveliness of the winter day that gave the delicious atmosphere to that reverie?

She ended a day-dream with one practical thought, "If Richard Willoughby was like Mr. Thurston, I think *perhaps*—perhaps I *could* love him, and please mamma; and, oh! I should like so much to please mamma!"

Early February brought storms of wind and sleet and bitter cold. Winter once more reigned. And on one wintry evening Frank Thurston was summoned to visit Mr. Rommelaine, who, although convalescent, was still confined to his house.

The lawyer was received in the library, where Mr. and Mrs. Rommelaine were enjoying a *tête-à-tête* in the warm fire-light; while Miss Rommelaine, at a low-lamped table near by, bent over her embroidery, for which a foppish-looking young man at her side appeared to be assorting the colors.

Miss Rommelaine had not forgotten Mr. Thurston, but their words of recognition were brief, for Mr. Rommelaine appropriated him immediately. Mrs. Rommelaine became an indifferent auditor of the talk, and her daughter withdrew herself from it to entertain the young man, for whom Frank Thurston conceived at first sight a dislike.

As the legal conversation proceeded, Mr. Rommelaine became more and more excited. His voice grew loud. He recapitulated with earnest delight the details of the favorable turn apparent in the progress of "the case." The attention of all in the room was soon drawn to his remarks.

Mrs. Rommelaine interposed. "Dear Robert, do not be too hopeful. You were disappointed before; you may be again. Mr. Thurston, I do not sympathize with my husband's intense appropriation of this case. I don't think there is so much in a name that a man should sacrifice himself indiscriminately to keep it in repute. What if John Smith should interest himself vitally in the doings and sufferings of every other John Smith? To be sure, Rommelaines are not so common as Smiths, but the principle is the same. —Well, Frank, you might as well speak; I know you want to."

Frank Thurston started, but one glance at Mrs. Rommelaine was sufficient to assure him that this closing address of her speech was not made to him, but to Miss Rommelaine—Frances, "Frank," as they called her *en famille*.

"My own name," he thought; and he felt a thrill of delight, as from one of those fond little proclivities for coincidence that one indulges in when the object of the coincidence happens to be interesting or dear.

Miss Rommelaine, being allowed, spoke, but her cheeks flushed and her voice slightly trembled. Mr. Thurston looked at her with that gaze which draws into itself the strength of the conscious nerves. She dared not return his gaze, for to do that would be to lose composure.

"I can not help feeling as father does," timidly yet earnestly said Miss Rommelaine. "It seems to me right that he should have taken just this interest in these people, although they are in no way related to us. They certainly have father's name, and dear Robbie's name: there is something sacred about that. I am so glad that father has worked very hard and spent a great deal, and you too, Mr. Thurston, to save this man. I believe he will be saved; then he will indeed bless the name. And then, and then"—brighter glowed her cheek, her voice still slightly trembled—"I think more than ever now, since I see the just and kind effect, that people *should* consider that they are related to each other. For my part, I wish I could be to every one just as I would be if they were my own, of my blood and of my name. I believe that would be really the 'fulfilling of the law,' as dear father fulfills it." And here Miss Rommelaine very gracefully, but altogether girlishly, arose from her place and

came close behind her father's chair, and putting her arms around his neck, gave him a little kiss on the side of his cheek; and then came her silvery little laugh, and they all laughed at her enthusiasm; and she went back to her embroidery and to the gentle fop whom Mr. Thurston detested; and very soon thereafter Mr. Thurston took his leave.

But one month from that day he came again; he came to congratulate Mr. Rommelaine upon the successful issue of the second trial. The message conveyed to him by Frances Rommelaine was the proof, now collaterally sustained, that the death of an eccentric misanthrope had been by suicide, and not by the hand of the fellow-man who was found near him in his extremity under circumstances of convicting suspicion, and who was arraigned for "highway robbery and murder." A letter written by the suicide, and mailed upon the day that the fatal act took place, described, as part of his plan, the very details which had told heavily against the accused. This letter was directed to an obscure merchant in an obscure town of Germany. Only the most indefatigable and unstinting assiduity on the part of Mr. Rommelaine had reached that obscurity and brought the hidden thing to light.

Winter came again, after a brief summer—are not summers always brief?—and after an autumn eventful to more than one expectant heart. The New-Year had begun, and the gay city was astir with New-Year's calls. Never was there a clearer, whiter New-Year's Day upon which to make good resolutions; never a more crisp, white, sparkling sheet of snow spread to receive new tracks and foot-prints. The air rang with sleigh-bells and merry voices; the houses were gay with bright costumes, bright lights, and bright flowers.

Mrs. Rommelaine was receiving calls, and in the pleasurable excitement she did not heed a package of letters that the postman had brought to the door. But one of these, as it was directed to her name, Frances Rommelaine seized, and escaping from the drawing-room, till mamma missed her and sent word immediately to return, she found time to read:

"MY DEAREST KIND FRIENDS,—Your good and most welcome letter was received to-day, and in answer to your inquiries for all the particulars of our life here and our new home, I find great pleasure in trying to sketch for you the scenery, and giving you an idea of our plans.

The pencil drawing I inclose will show you the house and garden, and the lovely river that runs close by the garden wall. The large buildings in the distance are the factories, and never have I seen my husband so happy as he is now. It seems that the factories are almost completely under his control. He comes home at evening, being absent all day, but not at all weary. Our evenings are *so* happy—I know you will be pleased to hear, dear Miss Rommelaine, for you take interest in us, I know—and little Lucy sits up till nine. I teach her in the mornings, and am busy about the house all day. It is a delightful home. The neighbors are pleasant, and we all like the place, and think this Western valley the garden of the world. It seems that our great and terrible misery has gone forever, and I wish that all women could be as happy as I am now."

And the letter continued with a strain of gratitude that never in the hearts of the Rommelaines in the far West could cease to flow to their benefactors at home.

"This letter comes on the right day," said Frances Rommelaine. "Every thing is bright and happy to-day. The first thing this morning dear father called me to him and whispered, 'I have said yes,' and the next thing was Frank Thurston's happy, happy face. I love him so much! And now these poor dear people are happy; and mamma is—at least mamma *looks* happy; I know she can hardly forgive me about Richard Willoughby, but I really was conscientious about him, for he is very rich, I know, and I *tried* to love him, and I tried not to love Frank Thurston; but I suppose such things can not be helped, and it really was fate that he should be just where we were all summer—oh, what a sweet summer, only too short! And to-day is so bright and beautiful; I wonder what happy thing will come next!"

Almost as she spoke it came.

It came in the library by the fire-light of the closing day. The hum of voices rushed from the hall and the drawing-room, for New-Year's calls were at their height. But in the library there were only two people.

And then he took it out of its little case and put it upon her finger; but first he kissed her hand; he kissed that particular finger too, first.

Her engagement ring. The diamond was not big: perhaps Frank Thurston thought that his love engagement should correspond with business engagements in the size of proclaiming sign. The diamond was not big, but it was a very pure, a very bright, little stone. It was big enough to hold all the colors of the rainbow in its small adamantine heart, and to reflect every movement of the New-Year, that should have clear, sweet light.

Before he put it upon her finger he looked within its circle; they both looked within, with their young faces very close together, and their hands clasped, and read together the word engraved beneath the stone: "Frank." She understood the choice.

"My own name," she said.

"My own name," he repeated; and then, although it was extremely dangerous, for both the library doors were open, and people were going from the drawing-room and hall wherever they liked, and might have seen, and it would have been wiser to wait—although it was extremely dangerous, he took her into his arms and gave her his engagement kiss.

TWO APPLE-TREES.

IT happened thus on one green afternoon,
When harvest fields were waiting for their moon,
And fruit was ripe and good,
That two amid the orchard grasses strayed,
While apricots and yellow peaches made
Bright stains on the warm wood.

And on a branch that hung right overhead
Two golden apples grew, flecked through with red—
Grew perfect side by side.
"They are for us, sweetheart: Love made them fair
With color of thy cheeks and of thy hair;
Come, gather them, sweet bride."

She stood on tiptoe in the pleasant place;
The swaying leaves made shadows on her face,
The apples touched her feet.
"Now this is mine, and this is thine, but we
Will make of them a gracious memory—
They are too fair to eat."

Then, half in loving earnest, half in mirth,
They hid the fruit within the rich warm earth;
And year by year there grew
Two trees, that made green shadows by their door,
And bore of golden apples wealthy store—
Gold fruit flecked rosy through:

Two kindly trees, that when the children played
In autumn nights within their scented shade
Would freely drop their store,
Or shed with lavish grace their sweetest flowers
Upon young lovers in the spring-time hours,
Telling the old tale o'er:

Two trees that always thought one couple fair,
One aged couple crowned with silver hair,
Who held without a sigh
Sweet sessions, where clear Memory sat content,
Serenely satisfied with life well spent,
And Immortality.

There are two graves beneath two apple-trees—
Two happy graves, made by the sweet spring breeze
With apple blossoms white;
Lapped in cool grasses when June roses blow;
In autumn's splendor, or in winter's snow,
Always a peaceful sight.

CHARLES E. COURTNEY.

ON page 722 we give the portrait of Mr. CHARLES E. COURTNEY, the winner in the single-scull race which took place on Saratoga Lake on the 28th of August. COURTNEY has been the victor now in seventy-four well-contested races, and stands to-day at the very head of his "profession." He was born at Union Springs in November, 1848, and from boyhood has been fond of rowing. He made his first public appearance at the regatta of the Saratoga Rowing Association upon Saratoga Lake in September, 1873, and there won a signal victory. Since then his record has been one of uninterrupted triumph. It is said that he has never lost a race. His last victory, won over two competitors, RILEY and PLAISTED, is his greatest achievement. The course was over three miles, and COURTNEY, who did not appear to exert his full powers, rowed it in 20 minutes and 47¾ seconds.

DUDLEY SELPH.

OUR readers will be glad to see, on page 722, the portrait of Mr. DUDLEY SELPH, of New Orleans, who has made the best record known in the annals of rifle-shooting. He is a member of the Crescent City Rifle Team, several other members of which have made very remarkable scores, though none equal to his. This team is entered for the Inter-State Long-range Rifle Match to take place at Creedmoor September 15, and will no doubt give an excellent exhibition of skill in marksmanship. Mr. SELPH is twenty-nine years of age. His record shows the following scores, out of a possible 225: 204, 208, 208, 214, 207, 213, 211, 219, 204, 201, 211, 201, 206. Few marksmen can boast of a record so uniformly good.

A FEEJEEAN TRAGEDY.

THE following sad story is correct in its details; it occurred within the writer's ken, and may serve to illustrate how English civilization and laws affect the Feejeean mind and mode of thought. About four years ago Ravuso Ioni was the principal chief of Waia, one of a group of islands the most westerly in Feejee, called the Yasawas. About that time the parvenu Feejeean government had just been formed, and the planters and natives were blessed with a travesty of English laws and institutions down in the Yasawas: one of the planters was made a warden, a court-house was established, and a posse of native police sent down. It need hardly be said that these proceedings were a mystery to the natives; and even close to Levuka the more enlightened of them could at first hardly be brought to understand the idea of any government. At all events, Ravuso troubled himself very little about the new *nata-ni-tu*, as the government was called by the natives, but carried on in the old Feejeean style of his fathers. Now there was a young man in Waia who made love to all the young girls; and not content with that, he also paid his attentions to the married women. The Feejeeans are a jealous lot, and by-and-by a mob of angry husbands complained of this young fellow to their chief Ravuso, who, with the advice of the old men in full council, decided that this gay lover was to be buturakaed, or turkey-tramped, as we whites call it. This buturakaing is an institution peculiar to Feejee. The unfortunate is knocked down, and the natives dance and jump on him until he is insensible and nearly dead. A man seldom recovers thoroughly from a good—or rather a bad—buturakaing.

Some, doubtless, of the jealous husbands or their friends were among the party that buturakaed the gay deceiver, because they carried out their orders so well that, in three weeks after, the young fellow died from the effects.

In the old times most of us whites and natives would have said, "Serve him right," and the matter would have ended. But now there was law in the land; the warden ordered the arrest of Ravuso. After some trouble he was coaxed to surrender, and was confined at Somo-Somo, awaiting trial. Nothing so puzzles a Feejeean as the slow procedure of English law, and poor Ravuso pined in prison. So one day he asked his *Ban* (jailers) to be allowed a walk; they accompanied him, and all sat down under a large ivi-tree. After a time the chief proposed to get some ivis, and climbed the tree for the purpose. When he got to the top, he called out to his astonished guards that he was going to throw himself down headlong. "Tell your white judge," said he, "that I am a chief, and the son of a chief; that I can't survive the disgrace of being imprisoned like a felon; that the punishment given to the man of mine was just—he was a bad man; that I am a chief, and had a right to punish him vakaviti" (after the manner of Feejee). So saying, he threw himself down, broke his back, and died shortly afterward.

In a day or two the news of the chief's death reached Waia, and a wail went up from each little village, embowered in its cocoa-nut grove, for the death of their "Turaga," as they call their chiefs. His wife, Lau Wai (to strike water as in fishing), and young daughter (fifteen years only) made up their minds that their chief should not go unaccompanied to Hades, but have some one to cook and look after him there. So one night they tied a rope between two trees, twisted it round their necks, and so strangled themselves after the old Feejeean fashion. These people had been Christians ten years, but evidently believed in their old traditions still.

And now the sad tale of the death of this unfortunate Wai chief and his family is told in many a Feejeean hamlet in the cool evenings, as the sun goes down under the shade of the lofty ivis and cocoa-nut trees; and the women and children hear with a thrill of the power of that mysterious nata-ni-tu whose action hurled a Feejeean chief from his high estate, and sent him and his devoted wife and daughter prematurely before the face of their Maker.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE natural history collections of Amherst College have lately been greatly enriched by the acquisition of the entire cabinet of Professor CHARLES UPHAM SHEPHERD, which, although deposited in that institution for many years, has been until now his private property. The collection of minerals, embracing types of many new species, has no superior (if it has an equal) in the United States; while that of meteorites ranks among the first in the world, possessing very many specimens, some of them of considerable size. Both series, including, as they do, large numbers of types of new species, have been the subject of special investigations and reports. There are also many miscellaneous objects, such as fossils and the like, all of them of greater or less value, besides numerous interesting specimens in zoology, ethnology, etc.

The collection was appraised by Professors BRUSH and BLAKE, of New Haven, who, it is understood, estimated its value at some seventy thousand dollars. It is said that the college has acquired it, however, for scarcely more than half this amount, and on easy terms of payment.

This permanent addition to the cabinet of Amherst places it in the very first rank of similar establishments, as it already possessed many unique series of great value, among them notably the conchological cabinet of Mr. C. B. ADAMS, and the series of bird tracks gathered by Professor HITCHCOCK, and one of Assyrian sculptures, etc.

Among late additions to the comfort of travellers, especially those called upon to camp out in the woods, may be mentioned the pocket hammock of SEYDELL & Co., of Birmingham, which is now advertised as for sale in the United States. The merits of this, indeed, are such as to induce London *Nature* to give it quite an extended notice. It was first announced as the Ashantee hammock, having been extensively used in that campaign. It is so compact that it can be carried in an ordinary coat pocket. Different sizes are made, weighing from one or two to four pounds.

We referred some time ago to a discovery in Egypt of a new variety of cotton, which grows to a considerably greater height than the ordinary kind, and furnishes a much larger yield—almost fourfold. Since then further details have been published in regard to this plant, from which we learn that it still has the favorable opinion of experts, and that it promises to be an important feature in the cotton industry. The quality is said to be very superior.

The employment of carrier-pigeons in war, for transmitting information in regard to the result of races and other contests, has long been practiced. A more recent use of this agency is proposed by the Light-house Establishment of Great Britain, for communicating between light-houses or light-ships and the shore, for the purpose of conveying intelligence of disaster or danger. The only question now is as to the extent to which the bird may bear confinement in a light-ship exposed to the constant motion of the waves.

Mathematicians will be interested to learn of the publication, under the auspices of the Royal Academy of Belgium, of a volume of logarithms containing tables for all numbers up to 434,000,000,000. It was prepared by Mr. NEMOURS, and sells for three francs.

Among the many scientific and industrial conventions held in Philadelphia during the period of the Centennial was one of the ethnologists and archæologists of the United States, and attended by a large number of persons from all parts of the country interested in such subjects. A permanent organization was effected under the title of "The American Anthropological Association," of which Colonel C. C. JONES, of Augusta, Georgia, was elected president, and Rev. S. D. PEET, of Ashtabula, Ohio, secretary. Circulars have just been issued announcing the first annual meeting of the association at Cincinnati, on Wednesday, September 5. Preparations have been made for a large concourse, and some interesting communications are expected.

Among the various objects shown at the CAXTON exhibition, lately held in London to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England, was the automatic type-setter of Dr. MACKIE, which works on the principle of the well-known JACQUARD loom. The perforations of the card are made by a separate instrument, which resembles a piano, the keys of which are marked with letters, figures, spaces, etc., and which punch corresponding holes when pressed down by the fingers.

DIEULAFAIT, in a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, calls attention to the fact that strontium is much more widely diffused in nature than has hitherto been appreciated, in this respect scarcely surpassed by any other minerals of its group. It is thought to be present in all sea-water in a state of a carbonate and sulphate, being appreciable in very small quantities of the water. In the spontaneous evaporation of sea-water on a large scale this substance is usually concentrated in the carbonate and sulphate of lime, which constitute its first and second precipitate; hence its absence in the subsequent products.

Strontium occurs, therefore, in all limestones, as also in the unchanged fossil remains of all the mollusca. Incidentally to the above statement, the author also advances the hypothesis that all gypsums are derived simply from the evaporation of sea-water at the temperatures of the epochs of their formation, strontium being always associated. It is also present in all or nearly all saliferous mineral waters, *forty-four* only out of *eight hundred* as yet examined being without distinct evidence of its presence.

Mr. A. A. ANDERSON has been prosecuting researches in the central portions of Africa between the Zambezi and Orange rivers, with many important results in the way of collecting new species of animals, as also in furnishing important information in regard to the physical condition and ethnology of the country.

It is announced that he has just left Cape Town on another expedition to the interior, proceeding by the way of Griqualand, with the special object of investigating the gold-producing qualities of the country, and, if possible, of determining whether it be the ancient Ophir of SOLOMON'S times, as maintained by some writers. He also desires to ascertain the facts in regard to the alleged availability of the country for the raising of cotton, which is said to be prosecuted to a considerable extent by the natives.

The death of Dr. STEPHEN REED, at the age of seventy-six, took place at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on the 12th of July last. He had long been known as an ardent geologist.

Mr. CLEMENT R. MARKHAM still continues a vigorous defense of Captain NARES, of the British arctic expedition, in reference to the omission to issue lime juice to sledge parties, and the alleged epidemic of scurvy in consequence thereof, and cites additional testimony to show that, in the opinion of many experts, lime juice has really no immediate specific action upon the disease.

Captain M'CLINTOCK comes also to the rescue of his brother officer, and says that in many sledge journeys, varying from twenty to one hundred days each, he had no lime juice, one hunting party being kept in perfect health on pemmican.

He also states that had he been in Captain NARES's place, he would, under the same circumstances, have omitted the lime-juice ration.

SERGIUS KERN, of St. Petersburg, announces the discovery of a new metal, which he calls *davyum*, after Sir HUMPHREY DAVY. It occupies a place between molybdenum and ruthenium in the system of elements proposed by Professor DEMETRIUS MENDELEEF. It occurs in the residuum after the treatment of platinum ores in order to obtain metals of the platinum group, and to which the new metal belongs. It is extremely infusible and hard, and to some extent ductile, and of a specific gravity of about 9.4.

The *American Journal of Science* records the death in Utah of Dr. CHARLES F. WINSLOW, formerly of Boston, at the age of sixty-six. Dr. WINSLOW has written numerous articles on physical science, relating more especially to earthquake phenomena, which he observed extensively during his residence of many years in California, South America, and elsewhere.

TURPIN has lately communicated to the French Society for the Encouragement of National Industry some new preparations of vulcanized rubber, for which he presents the claim of novelty and of special adaptation to particular purposes. Among these is one which he calls parchemine, produced in soft, elastic leaves, replacing advantageously glazed paper, membrane, skin, etc., in all their uses, particularly that for covering bottles by druggists.

Mr. A. H. EVERETT invites attention to the results likely to follow from the exploration of the numerous caves in Borneo, which are known to contain large quantities of prehistoric objects, and also of animal remains; among them those of man, the rhinoceros, the porcupine, the pig, and the deer. No extinct species have yet been discovered; but the investigations have been extremely superficial, and it is thought probable that examinations corresponding to those which have been so fruitful in Europe can not fail to bring to light facts of the utmost importance in determining the primitive fauna of the island, including man himself.

The existence in Borneo of so many species of the higher apes is a fact which Mr. EVERETT considers a very important argument for such research, as probably throwing light upon the ancestry of the quadrumanous species. He mentions the discovery of a neolitic stone implement in a bed of river gravel, similar to those found in North Australia, and believes that we may be on the threshold of other discoveries of the greatest moment.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

As if to counterbalance the terrible stories of atrocities suffered by the Turks, to which we give a portion of our Supplement, we have on this page a striking illustration of the care and anxiety shown by the Russians to protect their dead and wounded from mutilation at the hands of the blood-thirsty Moslems. The scene here depicted took place at the close of a severe skirmish at Jovan Ciftlik, in the neighborhood of Rustchuk. Two squadrons of dragoons, who had started southward on their way to Kadikoi, were surprised by a party of Circassians, who lay in ambush awaiting their arrival. The Russians were only able to fight their way out by a hand-to-hand struggle, in which they lost nine men killed and twenty-one wounded. Unwilling to leave their comrades to the mercy of the enemy, even though a proportion of them were beyond all possibility of further suffering, the soldiers rescued the helpless bodies, and flinging them across the backs of their horses, brought the poor creatures safely into camp.

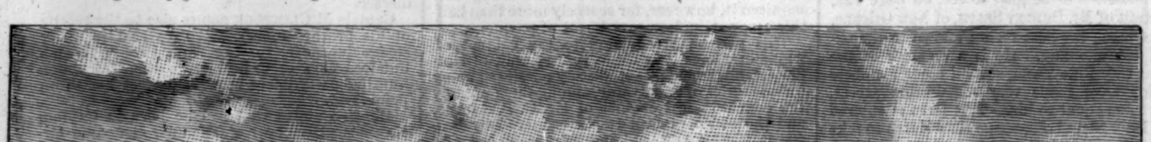
In spite of the horrible nature of the reports that reach us so constantly, it seems impossible to believe that either the Turkish or Russian government has any sympathy with or is inclined to give countenance to the fiendish method in which the war is carried on. Apparently the worst outrages are committed by the semi-barbarous allies of the two powers. Occasionally a rumor is heard of atrocities committed by the regular soldiery; but usually all outrages are laid at the doors of Cossack, Kurd, Bashi-Bazouk, or Circassian. Clearly such a story as the following, which we clip from the correspondence of the London *Times*, would be impossible among troops accustomed to the discipline of civilized warfare:

"Yesterday I visited a large Bulgarian village of upward of 300 houses that had been sacked, burned, and the people massacred by the Bashi-Bazouks on the 30th of July. The village is called Kara-Atli, about sixteen miles from Tirnova, toward Philippopolis. The place is a total wreck, hardly one stone standing on another. It is more completely destroyed than any other I have visited. The people had all fled, so it is difficult to say what had become of them, though the account of the survivors seems probable enough. This is that a great many of them had left before the 30th, and gone to Philippopolis, but about 600 remained, chiefly women and children. They all ran away into the woods and fields on the approach of the Bashi-Bazouks, and many were caught and slaughtered at once, and others are roaming about until a similar fate overtakes them. Of the few corpses I saw, the most shocking was a woman with her head half hacked off, her clothes all torn away at the waist, and the body half burned. Dogs and pigs were devouring the bodies, while donkeys and cattle strayed through the roads ownerless. The school had not been burned, and had evidently been the scene of a terrible fray. Blood on the floors and door-posts, and all kinds of household gear, school-books, and other things in the greatest confusion, told the same dreadful tale. The spelling-books and childish copy-books appealed powerfully to every human instinct within one."

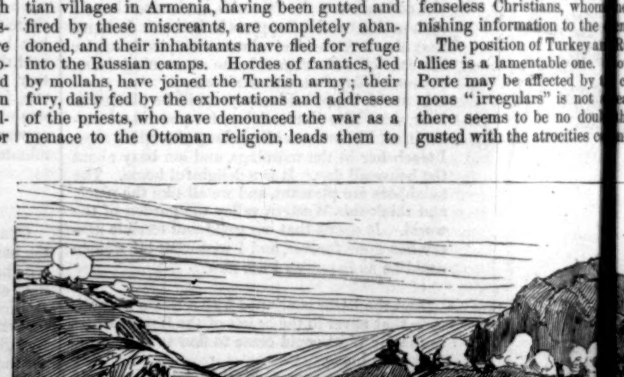
Again we hear from the region of Lake Van, in Armenia: "Faik Pasha seems quite unable to restrain the Kurds, who commit every description of atrocity unopposed and unchecked. The American missionaries have been forced, for fear of their lives, to take refuge in a boat on the lake, where they enjoy comparative immunity, although they have to be careful, when in need of provisions, to land at night and move off again before dawn. Their Christian charges have been subjected to the grossest treatment—crops cut and carried away, cattle killed, villages burned, men murdered, and, worst of all, women and even children violated. Churches afford no refuge for these wretched mortals. Ten who fled for safety into the church at Utch-Kilissi were there foully murdered, and at Tsitawaukh, near Erzerum, the Armenian superior of the monastery has been threatened with death if he ventures to preach again. Hundreds of Christian villages in Armenia, having been gutted and fired by these miscreants, are completely abandoned, and their inhabitants have fled for refuge into the Russian camps. Hordes of fanatics, led by mollahs, have joined the Turkish army; their fury, daily fed by the exhortations and addresses of the priests, who have denounced the war as a menace to the Ottoman religion, leads them to commit every conceivable [...] fenseless Christians, whom [...] nishing information to the [...]

The position of Turkey a[...] allies is a lamentable one. [...] Porte may be affected by [...] mous "irregulars" is not [...] there seems to be no dou[...] gusted with the atrocities c[...]

SAVED FROM MUTILATION—DEAD RUSSIAN [...]



BATTERIES TAKEN BY THE RUSSIANS ON THE ROAD FROM GABROVA TO THE SHIPKA PASS.



RUSSIANS ATTACKING THE BATTERIES BE[...]

SSIAN AGOONS BROUGHT OUT OF A BATTLE.

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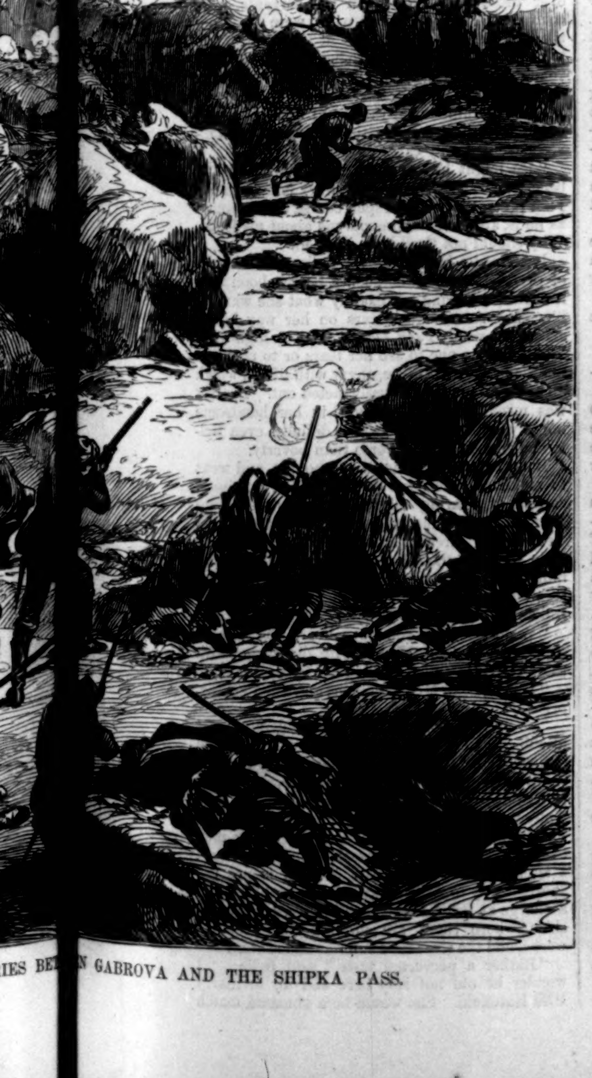
Not long ago a Russian officer is reported to have said, on viewing a field of battle where parties of Bulgarians were busily employed pillaging the dead, "We began by making war on the Turks for the sake of the Bulgarians; we shall end by making war on the Bulgarians for the sake of the Turks." An inability to submit to discipline seems to characterize all the bodies of alien troops that the two powers have called to their assistance. Thus, instead of civilized warfare between two great nations, we have a succession of horrible encounters between troops of men whose ghastly behavior would disgrace an age of barbarism.

Below will be found three graphic and interesting sketches representing different fortified points in the famous Shipka Pass. This gorge in the Balkans connects the town of Tirnova with Kazanlik, which lies on the southern slope of the mountains. It will be remembered that when Sultan Abdul-Medjid visited Silistria by this route in 1839, a road thirty miles long had to be made expressly for him. Now, however, by dint of great exertion, the Russians have added to its width until the route admits of the passage of heavy artillery. The general direction of the road after leaving Tirnova is slightly to the west of south, until it reaches Gabrova—a distance of thirty-five miles. This town lies at the foot of the Balkan range; it is a place of considerable importance both from its manufactures and the generous assistance given by the inhabitants to the cause of education in Bulgaria. Gabrova lies on the west bank of the Jantra, which is crossed by a stone bridge before entering the town.

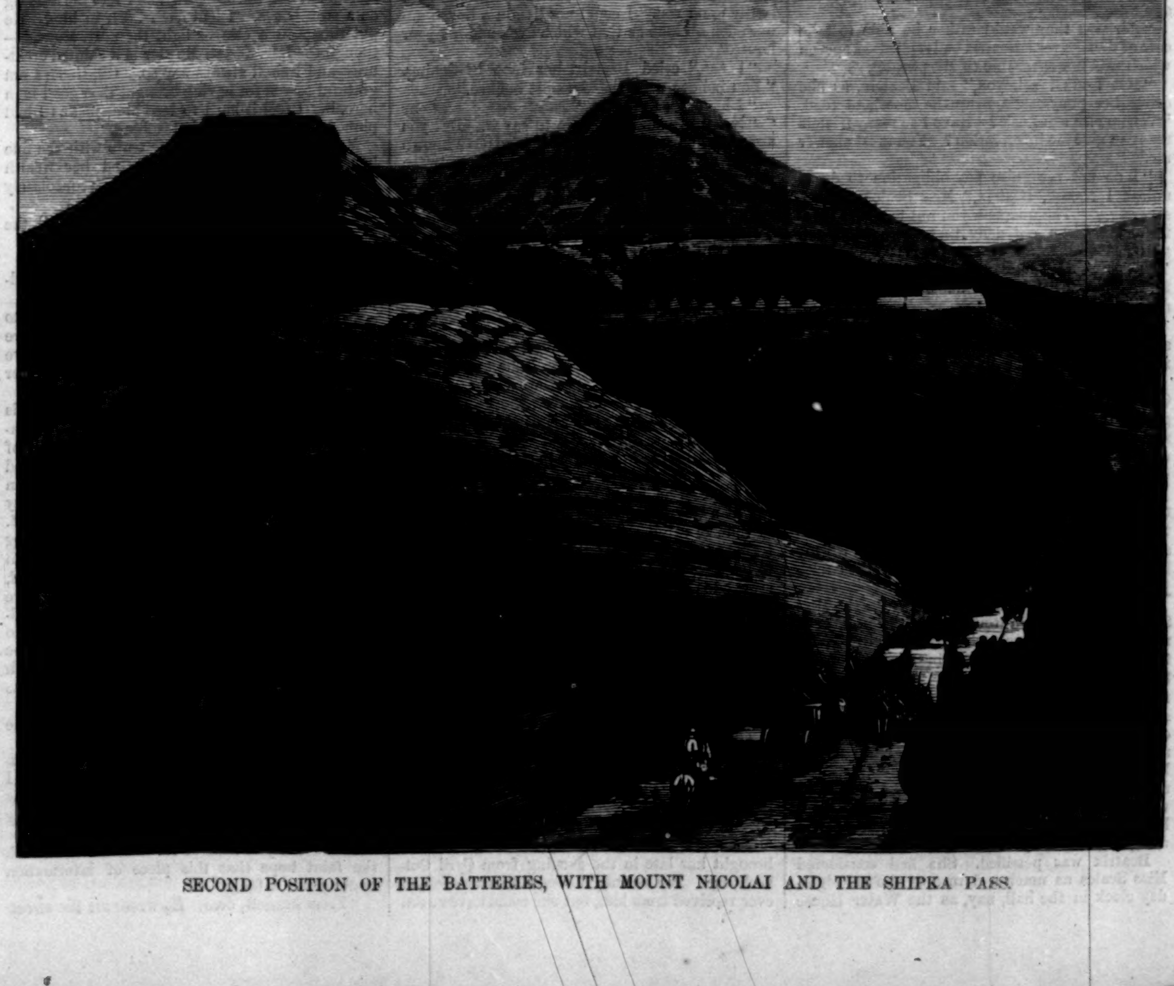
The ascent of the mountain slope from this point, though gradual, is very fatiguing. The road lies due south, and the passage of the limestone rocks through which it is cut seems intolerable during the heats of summer. Toward the summit, however, a splendid oak forest throws its shade over the traveller, and protects him for a considerable distance, after which he soon finds himself at the opening of the pass. This gorge is described by Von Moltke as being formed by two deep valleys, with a narrow ridge between them, in which the Jantra and the Shipka rivers take their rise.

The Shipka Pass at its highest point has an elevation of 4500 feet, and for the first three miles of its descent rivals in steepness any "cliff path" in the Alps. The scenery also compares not unfavorably with the famous mountain views of Switzerland. From the summit there opens a glorious view of the wide green valley below, in which, half hidden by the countless gardens whence such large supplies of the "otto of roses" are obtained, lies the charming little town of Kazanlik, justly praised by Colonel Baker as one of the loveliest spots in Turkey. In the distance the wide and winding Maritza and a flat horizon of yellow corn fields cutting sharp against the exquisite blues and purples of the Balkans, which carry a few patches of snow, begin to form a picture. Then gradually two isolated and stony crags appear above the horizon in the west, and, as one approaches nearer, the white houses and minarets of Philippopolis are seen clinging to their sides. Further on, and a fine range of mountains rises on the left, and the Balkans draw closer in on the right, until, on reaching Bazardjik, one is almost in a valley, or what appears like one after the wearisome flats of Eastern Roumelia. Altogether the general effect is very much like that of the first view of Caracas from the crown of the Silla ridge, though the Turkish valley unquestionably surpasses the Venezuelan in luxury of vegetation.

When the Russian General Gourkho reached the summit of the Shipka Pass on July 12, he had before him a choice of roads into the valley. Instead of taking the main path directly to Kazanlik, his force, consisting of seven battalions of infantry, four batteries, and four regiments of dragoons, hussars, and Cossacks, was marshaled to the eastward in the direction of Hainkoi. They came down without opposition to Jeni Saghra, not far from the branch railway at Tamboli, and soon occupied the more important town of Eski Saghra, after which they took possession of Kazanlik without difficulty. The town of Shipka, two miles from the opening of the pass, was also invested. Since the appearance of General Gourkho and his forces on the southern side of the Balkans, there have been severe encounters between the opposing armies in the Shipka Pass and the neighboring towns. These, however, have been carefully noted in our news column, to which we must refer our readers.



IES BET N GABROVA AND THE SHIPKA PASS.



SECOND POSITION OF THE BATTERIES, WITH MOUNT NICOLAI AND THE SHIPKA PASS.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"THOSE ARE THE KILLING GRIEFS WHICH DARE NOT SPEAK."

BY slow degrees Beatrix arrived at an understanding of her position. People in Little Yafford believed her guilty of her father's murder. The idea was horrible, and she would have fled, like Orestes from the Eumenides, but pride came to her rescue, and she staid, defying all the slanderous tongues and cold cruel eyes in the village, from the judicial discourse and the pale gray orbs of Miss Coyney, to the lively comment and little red-brown rat-like optics of Mr. Tudway. She met cold looks and averted heads at the church door, where she had been wont to find herself saluted with nods and becks and wreathed smiles, and a world of sympathy and friendliness. Now and then she encountered a startling glance, as of wonder that she should dare to enter the church. Even Mrs. Dulcimer was cold, and seemed embarrassed by Beatrix's presence, though affecting all the old cordiality. But the Vicar was full of kindness, and tried to make up for every body else's cruelty. His charity was not of the officious kind which forces itself upon people who do not want it, but it was that stronger and wider charity which is inexhaustible for those who do. He had let Beatrix come and go as she pleased hitherto, and had never pressed her to remain. Now he took her under his wing, brought her from the Water House to the Vicarage on his arm, and let the little village see that he was not ashamed of his ward.

"Mr. Dulcimer always cared too much for the flesh-pots of Egypt," said Miss Coyney. "Miss Harefield's money blinds him to her character. A sad thing to see a minister of the gospel so devoted to worldly things."

One day, stung by the disapproving look of a face that passed her in the village street, Beatrix made a sudden appeal to Miss Scales.

"What does it all mean?" she asked, in an agitated voice. "Why do these people give me such horrible looks—or pretend not to see me? I don't want their friendship. They are nothing in the world to me. But I can't endure to live in an atmosphere of dislike. What does it mean?"

"My dear Beatrix, I had rather you did not ask me," Miss Scales answered, stiffly.

Her manner had been gaining stiffness ever since her return from Devonshire. A deeply bordered letter had come to announce the aunt's death, and a week after there had come another letter in a blue envelope from a local solicitor who had drawn the old lady's will, to inform Miss Scales that her aunt had appointed her sole executrix and residuary legatee. There was a legacy to the faithful old servant, a little sum in consols to provide for puss and pug—ancient favorites who had quarreled daily for the last fifteen years—and all the rest went to Miss Scales. She was now a lady of property like her pupil, with an unencumbered estate of nearly two hundred a year.

"It would have been quite two hundred," said Miss Scales, "if it hadn't been for the money in consols left to Martha. I think my aunt might have left me to provide for Martha, and Floss, and Fido. I should have taken care they never wanted any thing."

"Perhaps they would rather be able to take care of themselves," Beatrix had replied—a speech which was not agreeable to Miss Scales.

"But I must ask you," said Beatrix, as she drove her pony-carriage up the moorland road. "Whom else can I ask? Have I so many friends ready to give me information? You must answer me."

"I do not recognize any obligation to do so unless I choose, Beatrix," Miss Scales replied, severely. "The question you put is a very painful one. I can not deny that there is an unpleasant feeling about you in people's minds. Your purchasing laudanum at different shops—forgive me if I say in an underhand and crafty manner—"

"They would not have given me enough at one shop," interrupted Beatrix, "and I was almost mad for want of sleep."

"My dear, I am not finding fault with you. God forbid that I should judge you! But altogether the circumstance was most unfortunate, and it has had a painful effect upon people's minds. I am not sure, Beatrix, that it would not be well for you to leave Little Yafford."

"What! run away from these people because they are vile enough to believe this hideous thing!" cried Beatrix, passionately. "No, that is a thing I will never do. I will live here till my hair is gray rather than let them think their false judgment has driven me away."

"Well, Beatrix, I am very sorry," said Miss Scales. "I think a tour in Switzerland, or a residence in Hanover—where you might acquire the German language with the best accent—would be good for you in every way. And perhaps before you came back something would transpire to show people they had misjudged you. However, you must do as you please, of course. I have no authority. Mr. Dulcimer is your guardian. So long as he is satisfied I can not complain. And now, my dear, with regard to myself, I have been wishing to mention it for some time—but did not like while your papa's death was so recent. I am going to leave you, and settle in Devonshire."

Beatrix was petrified. She had considered Miss Scales as much a fixture as the old eight-day clock in the hall, nay, as the Water House itself, or as the massive old bridge with its single arch, which had spanned the river ever since the time of the Romans. Miss Scales was tiresome, and given to much preaching and the use of Johnsonian locutions, without the correctness of Johnson. She easily degenerated into a nuisance; but Beatrix was used to her, and regarded her as a part of life. Such fondness as grows out of time and custom Beatrix had for Miss Scales, though not the affection that springs from merit or sweetness in the object of it. That Miss Scales could wish to remove herself permanently from the Water House was of all things the most startling. It was as if the cedar on the lawn had uprooted itself and walked away to shade some other garden.

"Leave me!" cried Beatrix, pale with surprise. "You can't really mean it?"

"Indeed, my dear, I do. My dearest Aunt Judson has left me a nice little independence, and at my age you would hardly expect a person to go on working."

"There need be no work," said Beatrix, eagerly. "I need not trouble you any more with my studies. I can read to myself instead of to you. It will make no difference. You can have all your mornings free."

"You can not suppose that, so long as I remained with you, I could neglect the improvement of your mind, Beatrix?" severely exclaimed Miss Scales, fully believing in her own style of grinding—quite forty years behind the spirit of the age—as an improving process. "No, my dear, that is not the consideration. I want to live in my own house. Dear Aunt Judson has left me a bijou cottage at Wexmouth, and all her beautiful furniture, and I feel it a duty I owe to myself, after all these years of scholastic toil, to settle down. I shall be on the spot to see after Floss and Fido, whom I should not like to leave to the care of a hireling, however well provided for."

This was a stray javelin flung at the faithful servant, to whom Mrs. Judson had left five hundred pounds in consols.

"Oh, very well, Miss Scales, if you like Floss and Fido better than me—" said Beatrix, proudly, giving the reins a little shake that sent Puck into a canter.

"Beatrix, are you trying to murder me?" cried the terrified Miss Scales. "Stop that pony this instant, or I'll take the reins out of your hands."

"If you do that, we shall certainly be in the ditch. There! Puck is quiet enough now."

"As to my liking Floss and Fido better than you," pursued Miss Scales, with her judicial air, when Puck had resumed his accustomed trot, "that is a very unfair way of putting it. I have my own happiness to consider."

"Yes," said Beatrix, "that seems the first consideration with every body."

"If we can not discuss this question without temper, Beatrix—" remonstrated Miss Scales.

"We can not. At least I can not," answered Beatrix, quickly. "You have lived with me ever since I can remember. Yes, one of the first things I can remember is standing at your knee on a hot summer morning droning over a selection of the Psalms in words of one syllable. That Psalm about the wicked man and a green bay-tree, for instance. I never see a bay-tree without remembering how hard it was to learn to read. You have lived with me ever since I was in my cradle, and yet you talk of leaving me as coolly as if it were nothing to you."

"My dear Beatrix, the parting will be very painful to me, but it would be more painful to remain."

"Why?" asked Beatrix, fiercely.

"Because I could not bear to see people look coldly upon you. I could not live in a house under such a cloud as that which overshadows your house."

"I see," cried Beatrix, her face hardening. "You believe what these people believe."

"I have not said that."

"No, you would not dare to say it. But you are vile enough to think it—you who have known me all my life. This ends every thing between us."

"I should think so," said Miss Scales. "I shall pack my trunks to-night, and leave Little Yafford the first thing to-morrow morning."

"It will be best so," replied Beatrix; and she turned Puck with a suddenness that swung the chaise round in a manner to make Miss Scales a second time in fear of her life.

Beatrix drove home in silence, went straight to her own room, and shut herself in there. Her own maid Mary carried her up some tea, and she sent a message to Miss Scales excusing herself from going down to dinner on the ground of a headache. Had she said a heartache, it would have been the truth.

Miss Scales ate her dinner in sullen state, meditating her new life of independence with Floss and Fido. She asked Peacock to order a fly for her at a quarter to seven o'clock next morning, in time to catch the quarter past eight London train at Great Yafford. She devoted the evening to packing her trunks, weeding out a few scarecrow odds and ends of finery from the garden of her wardrobe as a parting bequest to Mary. She left the Water House in the early winter gray, without having seen Beatrix. Peacock handed her an envelope at the last moment, which she opened presently in the fly. It contained no word of farewell, only bank-notes for the current quarter's salary.

This was the first absolute desertion. Beatrix felt it heavily. She had been wounded at Bella Scratchell's keeping aloof from her as she had done since her visit ended. She was more deeply wounded by Miss Scales's abandonment.

Before the day was out she was to receive another and much heavier blow. A letter was brought her late in the evening from Cyril Culverhouse. It was only the second letter she had ever received from him, but she could have sworn to his handwriting if it had been shown her among a thousand. There is no expert keener-eyed in these things than Love.

"At last," she said to herself, with a great wave of joy drowning her heart.

It never occurred to her that the letter might bring evil tidings. It was like the leaflet in the beak of the dove. It meant that the dark days were ended, and the glad world was beginning to smile upon her again. It was a long letter, but she had not read many lines before despair seized her. She uttered no cry or groan. She sat with the letter held tightly in her convulsed hand, devouring the cruel words.

"MY DEAREST AND ONLY BELOVED,—Before leaving this place I write to explain my conduct of the last six weeks, which must have seemed cold and unworthy, and to explain my course in the future, which may offend her whom I could sacrifice most things rather than offend. I have made up my mind to leave Little Yafford. I have made up my mind never to marry. Reasons which I can not enter upon have urged me to this resolution. I have loved deeply, fondly, with an unmeasured and absorbing love, but I have schooled myself to surrender the hope of a happiness which made life very fair and sweet, and which I once deemed not incompatible with my calling and the duties that belong to it.

"Forgive me, Beatrix, for the pain this letter may cause you—forgive me for the part I have had in your life. Had Providence willed for me to find you independent and poor, we might have been happy. As it is, I am assured that only misery, remorse, and regret would follow our union.

"May God bless you! May He pardon and pity you in all your need of pardon and pity! The best of us need both at His hands. I take up my pilgrim's staff with a heavy heart, and go my way, cheered by no promise in the future, sustained only by the hope of doing some good work among my fellow-men before I die.

"Oh, Beatrix, if you know how my heart yearns toward you, how my whole being is rent as I write this cold farewell, you would pity me as I pity you—for I have need of all your pity.

"I will write no more. Words are no balm for a real and lasting sorrow.

"Farewell, Beatrix, and whatever you may think of me, believe at least that you are the only woman I have ever loved—the only woman I can ever love. Yours in deepest sorrow,

"CYRIL CULVERHOUSE."

This ended all. It was very clear to her that her lover thought as Little Yafford thought. In his eyes, too, she was a guilty wretch for whom he could feel nothing but pity.

"He was the only creature who ever really loved me since my mother died," she thought; "and now he has deserted me."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"ALAS! I HAVE NOR HOPE NOR HEALTH."

BELLA SCRATCHELL, tripping to the Park one frosty morning, and entering Mrs. Piper's morning-room all beaming with smiles, like a small edition of Aurora, found the invalid in tears, and sniffing feebly at a bottle of aromatic vinegar.

"Dear Mrs. Piper, have you had one of your bad aches?"

"No, my dear, it is not my bodily health, but my spiritual condition that affects me. I feel as if I had been holding on by an anchor, and somebody had taken the anchor away, and left me tossing on a stormy sea. I had such faith in him. He put things in a clearer light than Mr. Mowler—though the Rev. Josiah Mowler is a sainted creature—and I shall always say so. Oh, Bella, I am grateful to you for having brought that good man here, but I feel it hard to lose him, just as I had pinned my faith upon his teaching."

Mrs. Piper wiped away her tears with the fine hem-stitched cambric that befitted her wealth and position, and applied herself disconsolately to her smelling-bottle.

"What do you mean?" asked Bella, all the pinkness fading out of her round cheeks.

"Why, surely you have heard?"

"I have heard nothing. Is it about Mr. Culverhouse?"

"My dear, he has left us. He has gone to Bridford—a horrible place in Lancashire, where they have small-pox every year. You might have knocked me down with a feather when Ebenezer came in and told me about it."

Bella sat pale and speechless. Was it for this that she had schemed? She had slandered her familiar friend, sold herself to Satan in the hope of winning this man: and behold he was gone, and there was no more chance of winning him than there had been before she periled her soul by this sin. For Bella knew that she had sinned. She was quite capable of doing a wicked thing for her own advantage, or to gratify her evil temper, but she knew that the act was wicked, and she had a lurking idea that she would have to pay for it in some manner in the future. Bella regarded sin as some people regard going into debt for present gratification, as a matter to be settled in a remote future, and hardly worth thinking about while the day of reckoning is so far off.

"Do you mean that he has really gone," she faltered presently, "forever?"

"Yes, my dear, he has left us for a permanency. I suppose it is to better himself; but I can't fancy any body bettering themselves at Bridford, where the small-pox has been raging on and off ever since I can remember."

"How did you hear of it?" asked Bella, with the faint hope that this piece of information might prove a fable.

"From himself, dear. He wrote me the sweetest letter, full of comfort. But I don't know what I shall do without him. His visits buoyed me up."

"Other people will be sorry," said Bella, faintly.

"Every body must be sorry. He is a saintly young man."

"When did he leave?"

"Yesterday morning."

"And I never heard of it!" exclaimed Bella.

She was thinking how all things had looked the same though he was gone. There had been nothing in earth or sky to tell her that the light had faded out of her life. The dull village street, with her mother's vagabond fowls pecking in the highway, had looked not a shade duller than usual. She had passed Mrs. Pomfret's trim garden, and had looked tenderly at the square, unpretending cottage, thinking that those walls sheltered him; and he was far away. He was gone, and she had not known it.

"He might have called to wish me good-by," she complained, "after my working for his poor."

"It must have been very sudden at the last," suggested Mrs. Piper.

Bella went to the school-room to grapple with the unruly young Pipers, sick at heart. All her misery was Mrs. Dulcimer's fault, she thought, not taking into consideration her own readiness to lend herself to Mrs. Dulcimer's plans.

There was only one ray of comfort—a lurid and unholy light in the dark gulf of her thoughts. If Cyril had gone away taking her hopes with him, he had left Beatrix also hopeless. There was an end of the tie between those two. If he had meant to marry Miss Harefield, he would not have left Little Yafford.

She dragged herself through the lessons somehow, beating time to Elizabeth Fry's performance of the classic melody of Trab, Trab, with somebody's variations—the variations of an ancient and stereotyped order, first triplets, then little stunted runs, then octaves, then a wailing minor all in chords, and then a general banging and flare up for a finale. The piece was hideous, and Elizabeth Fry's playing was a degree worse than the piece. Bella's head ached wofully by the time her pupil had pounded through the brilliant finale, but she bore up heroically, and heard Horne Tooke read about William the Conqueror in a drawling voice, with a nasal ad libitum accompaniment. These children never seemed to get beyond William the Conqueror. Their historical ideas were strictly feudal, and it must have appeared to them only yesterday when the curfew was heard from every church tower, and Peter the hermit was kindling the souls of Christians with his war-cry of *Deus vult*.

Bella stopped to see the little Pipers safely through their early dinner, the tables of these juveniles being as much a scene of strife and contention as any battle-field in history. It was a hard matter to preserve some semblance of peace, still harder to inculcate any thing approaching good manners, the young Pipers having entered the world with an incapacity for using spoons, forks, knives, or other implements of civilized life in a decent manner. The battle-field was generally flooded before dinner was over—not with the gore of the combatants, but with Brougham's stout, or with Elizabeth's regulation glass of old port, or a sauce-boat that had capsized in a struggle to get it "first," or a mustard-pot turned over in a free fight. Bella had a little more influence over these barbarians than the servants, who, coming and going like the wind, were of no authority; but to-day Bella sat at the head of the table looking straight before her, and allowed the young Pipers to squabble, snatch, push, and kick one another to their hearts' content.

She was thinking of that ideal vicarage which might have been hers in the future if Cyril Culverhouse had only cared for her.

"He might have chosen me if his heart had been free," she reflected. "Every body tells me I am pretty—even Mr. Piper, coarse and common as he is, always compliments me about my looks. Why should not Cyril have liked me?"

It seemed a hard thing for Bella that this gift of prettiness should be such a barren boon that it should not bring her exactly what she wanted. She shed some sullen tears on her way home, across the windy Park, along the bleak high-road. There was no one to see her tears or to pity her. She was angry with fate, angry with life, in which all things were so unequally meted out. Beatrix was miserable too, no doubt, in her handsome house yonder, the house whose dullness even Bella had found a shade worse than poverty.

Bella changed her dress and bonnet, and went to make an afternoon call upon Mrs. Dulcimer, certain of hearing all about Cyril's departure from that loquacious lady. The twilight shadows were falling already, and the half dozen dingy little shops in the village street were dimly illuminated with oil or tallow; but an hour or so before tea was always the best time for finding Mrs. Dulcimer.

"Well, my dear, you have heard the news, I suppose?" said the Vicar's wife, dispensing with the usual "How d'ye do?" in her eagerness.

"I have, dear Mrs. Dulcimer, and I am so surprised!"

"So is every body, my dear, Mr. Dulcimer most of all. Such a sudden desertion, an old pupil too, whom we looked upon almost as a son. I think it positively unkind. He wants a wider sphere for his work. Such nonsense! Little Yafford has been wide enough for Mr. Dulcimer for the last twenty years. But the young men of the present day are so restless and ambitious! I suppose he thinks Little Yafford is not the shortest way to a Bishopric. And he has taken a charge at Bridford—a horrible town in Lancashire, where there are nothing but chemical works, and the river runs sulphur and asafœtida."

"Rather a perverted taste," said Bella. "I wonder he did not stay here and try to marry Miss Harefield. She would be a splendid match

for him. And now her father is dead she is free to marry any one she likes."

Mrs. Dulcimer shook her head with a dismal air, and gave a prolonged sigh.

"Ah, my dear, it is very sad. Those reports." Bella echoed the sigh.

"I was very fond of her—once," she said.

"So was I, Bella. And even now I should be the last to condemn her. God forbid that I should judge any body! I hope I know the Gospel too well for that. But I confess that I can not feel the same as I used about Beatrix Harefield. I can't get over the strangeness of her having bought that laudanum in ever so many different shops. There seems such a low cunning in it—it is like the act of a criminal," continued Mrs. Dulcimer, warming as she went on, and forgetting her protest against judging others. "And I am sorry to say," she continued, with increasing solemnity, "Rebecca thinks as I do."

"And Mr. Dulcimer?" inquired Bella.

"Oh, Mr. Dulcimer is a very curious man in that respect, he never thinks the same as other people. He is convinced of Beatrix's innocence, and says the Little Yafford people are a set of idiots for condemning her. But say what he will he can not stem the tide of public opinion. The coroner's verdict was so unsatisfactory."

"What does Sir Kenrick think?" asked Bella.

"Oh, he and Mr. Dulcimer are of the same opinion."

"Beatrix is too handsome to be condemned by gentlemen," said Bella, with an unconscious venom.

"Oh, my dear, that consideration would not affect Mr. Dulcimer, however it might influence Kenrick. The best thing she could do would be to marry Kenrick," pursued Mrs. Dulcimer, thoughtfully, "but I could never take the same interest in the match that I should have done a few months ago. In fact I would rather not have act or part in it. If they were to marry, and Kenrick were to die suddenly, or under mysterious circumstances, and I had been the means of bringing about the marriage, I should feel myself a murderer."

Mr. Dulcimer came in from his afternoon round at this moment. He nodded to Bella, and sank down with a fatigued air in the comfortable armchair that always stood ready for him by the hearth.

"I have been to the Water House," he said, as if taking up the thread of his wife's discourse. "Beatrix is very ill."

"I am sorry to hear that."

"I am more than sorry. These wretches will contrive to kill her before they have done. Namby says that her illness is entirely the result of mental disturbance. That monster Scales has gone off at a moment's notice—after eating Harefield's bread for sixteen years—and left that poor child to face this foul-mouthed world alone. She is ill, and with no one but servants about her. You ought to go and nurse her, Bella. She has been very good to you. I hope you are not a fair-weather friend—like the old man in the weather-glass who only comes out when the sun is shining."

"Oh, Mr. Dulcimer, how can you think so badly of me?" remonstrated Bella.

"I don't wish to think badly about you. But you have rather deserted Beatrix lately, I have noticed."

"Mrs. Piper is so exacting, and such an invalid."

"Well, Beatrix is also an invalid now, and Mrs. Piper must give way a little. She has her husband and children to take care of her. Beatrix has no one. As soon as she is well enough to be moved I shall have her brought here."

"Oh, Clement!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, with a troubled look.

"What do you mean by 'Oh, Clement?' We have plenty of spare bedrooms. Providence, in denying us children, has balanced matters by giving us spare bedrooms."

"Don't you think people will talk if we have her here?"

"People will talk whether or no. The business in life of one-half of the world is to criticise and misjudge the conduct of the other half. But have you ever reflected how little difference all this evil speaking makes in life? It can not change a single element in nature. It can worry us into untimely graves, if we are foolish enough to be worried by it—it can divide man and wife, or father and son, if man or wife, or father or son, is idiotic enough to be influenced by the evil tongues of indifferent lookers-on—but scandal can not, of itself, make the slightest difference in us or in the world we inhabit—it can not shorten our days, or prevent the summer sun from shining upon us."

"I am sure I don't know what Miss Coyney will say," murmured Mrs. Dulcimer, plaintively.

"Miss Coyney is not my bishop," retorted her husband; "and if she were, I should not consult her as to my choice of guests."

Bella went to the Water House next day. She found Beatrix prostrate with some kind of low fever, and light-headed. It was altogether a piteous spectacle, this lonely sick-bed. Mr. Namby came in three times in the course of the day and evening, and was full of anxiety about his patient. He found Bella sitting quietly by the bedside, ready to assist the faithful maid-servant in nursing her mistress. Mrs. Peters, the fat housekeeper, came in every half hour, and was miserable because her beef tea and calves'-foot jelly were not appreciated by the fever-parched invalid.

Cyril's name came more than once from those dry, pale lips, while Bella sat by and listened. His desertion was evidently the blow that had struck home.

"I'm afraid she has heard some of the unkind gossip that's been about, and that it has preyed upon her mind," said Mr. Namby, in a confidential chat with Miss Scratchell; "I can't account for her illness in any other way. It's all the mind. Mr. Dulcimer promises to carry her off to the Vicarage directly she is well enough to be moved. That will be a very good thing. Change—change of scene and surroundings will do a great deal."

To Mr. Namby, whose horizon had for the last five-and-twenty years been bounded by the sulky ridge of the moors that shut in Little Yafford, a change from the Water House to the Vicarage seemed a grand thing. And if in the summer his patient could be taken to Scarborough or Harrogate, the cure ought to be complete. Mr. Namby never thought of prescribing the Tyrol or the Engadine. Those places had for him little more than a traditionary or geographical existence, and were only present in his mind as certain wavy lines upon the map. The days of Cook and Gaze, when even such persons as Mr. Namby may be personally conducted over the face of the Continent, were yet to come.

Beatrix mended slowly under Mr. Namby's care, and with plenty of nursing from Mrs. Peters, Mary, the house-maid, Bella, and Mrs. Dulcimer, the Vicar's wife being incapable of remaining long in a state of even tacit opposition to her dear Clement. She was not quite comfortable in her own mind about Beatrix, but she tried to be convinced; and she told herself that such a clever man as Clement, with the finest library of reference that ever a country parson collected, must be wiser than Miss Coyney.

So one afternoon, in windy March, Beatrix was put into the old-fashioned carriage in which her mother had driven during her brief wedded life, and was conveyed to the Vicarage, there to remain until she was strong enough to travel. She felt a sensation nearer akin to happiness than she had known for a long time when she found herself seated in the Vicar's fire-lit library, with a little old-fashioned tea-table by her side, and Rebecca waiting upon her with a cup of strong tea. Rebecca had been talked to seriously by the Vicar, and had seceded in a scandalously abrupt manner from the Coyney faction.

"Now, Beatrix, this is to be your home as long as you can make yourself happy in it," said the Vicar. "The Water House is a very fine old place, but it is damp and dismal, and I don't at all wonder that it made you ill. You are to call this home, and you are to think of me as your father."

"And you do not believe—" faltered Beatrix, and then burst into tears.

"I believe you are a good and noble girl," said the Vicar, cheerily, "and that a happy and honorable life lies before you."

"And, after all," he reflected, "though I detest match-making, it would be no bad thing for that dog Kenrick if he could win this splendid girl for his wife."

That dog Kenrick was still off and on at the Vicarage. His leave did not expire till the end of April. He had about six weeks before him.

He came in presently while Beatrix was sitting in the dimly lighted room sipping her tea. Mr. Dulcimer had been called out into the hall to see a parishioner. There was no one else in the room.

"I am so glad to see you better," said Kenrick, heartily, planting himself in a chair near Miss Harefield.

By that doubtful light he was wonderfully like Cyril. The shock of his entrance—something in the likeness, as he sat beside her with the fire-glow flickering upon his face—moved Beatrix painfully. She could hardly answer him.

"Thank you. I am much better," she murmured, faintly.

"But far from well, I am afraid," he said. "You seem very weak."

In the next instant her head fell back upon the cushion of the easy-chair. She had fainted. Kenrick rang the bell violently for Rebecca.

He was not a coxcomb, but he had a very good opinion of himself, and this fainting fit of Beatrix's affected himself curiously. He made up his mind that it was he whom she loved, and not Cyril; and he made up his mind that he would win her for his wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 16.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 23.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 29.—St. Michael.
Sunday, 30.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE New York Presbyterians of the past generation will cherish the memory of the late Rev. Dr. ASA D. SMITH, who was buried at Hanover, New Hampshire, the seat of Dartmouth College, August 19. He had been twenty-nine years a pastor in this city, and numbered among the members of his church, on the corner of Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street, such strong men as WILLIAM E. DODGE. Called to the presidency of Dartmouth, he won in that position the love, not to say the reverence, of the students, and added largely to the resources of the institution. President SMITH was remarkable for the balance of his faculties. He shed a steady light, and was one of those sound, sensible, ever-to-be-trusted men of whom we have too few, either in Church or state. The tributes paid to his memory at the seat of Dartmouth College were very affectionate, Professor NOYES especially dwelling upon Dr. SMITH's presidency of fourteen years.

The two witnesses for the Countess LAMBERTINI (who claims to be the daughter of Cardinal ANTONELLI, and contests his will) ordered to be specially examined on account of their advanced age have been before the court at Rome. One of them is a priest (VENDITTI), and the other (TAMBURLANI) was the cardinal's major-domo. The examination was private. The Roman correspondent of the London *Daily News* reports, however, that TAMBURLANI's evidence was remarkably clear, and deeply impressed the judge. The Roman correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphs, under date of August 5: "Although this case has only now come before the public, steps were taken in the matter immediately after the cardinal's death, and since that time it has divided the inmates and intimates of the Vatican into two distinct parties—not, however, as to whether the Countess LAMBERTINI is the daughter of the cardinal or not (upon that point there has been no question), but as to how far efforts should be made to hush the scandal up."

The British-Wesleyan Conference adjourned, August 10, to meet in Bradford July 23, 1878. The next Conference will consist of 240 ministers and as many laymen. The Publishing House, established by JOHN WESLEY, who printed and circulated his own books, was reported to be prosperous. The sales of the year were: periodicals, 1,818,000 copies; tracts and covers, 3,332,000; open-air hymns, 40,500; new hymn-books, 830,000; new supplement, 22,450; school hymn-books, 240,500; catechism and miscellaneous, 625,000. It was resolved to issue a new tract weekly, and to publish a series on the various aspects of the Sabbath question.

The American delegates to the Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh are heard from wherever they go throughout Europe. By some chance, Mr. WILLIAM RANKIN, the treasurer of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, the Rev. G. D. MATHEWS, the Rev. Dr. ORMISTON, of this city, and the Rev. Dr. PELTZ met in the Synod of the United Evangelical Church of Belgium, holding its session in Brussels. Although compelled to speak in French, the Americans quickly won the attention of the Synod. Of Dr. ORMISTON's address it is said: "The Synod was so carried away by his expressions of Christian sympathy that the members rose to their feet, and gave the doctor such an *encore* as he seldom, if ever, received. His hearers were in tears as he continued, and crowded forward to shake hands with Christian heartiness."

The reports of the Pope's health are very far from assuring. The London *Times* correspondent at Rome telegraphs, August 28: "I have received from ordinarily trustworthy sources information that the Pope is suffering great prostration, and has barely strength to attend to any business. A camarilla commands at the Vatican, and acts in the name of the Pope. Intrigue has commenced, which is preparatory to a crisis, and some of the cardinals are holding meetings to provide for any emergency."

The Freethinkers, in these days of conventions, have had theirs in Wolcott, New York, August 17-20. About 2000 persons attended. Professor C. D. B. MILLS presided. An organization styled "The Freethinkers' Society of Central and Western New York" was effected. The eastern part of the State does not appear to have been represented in the Convention.

Hudson will be the place of the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the State of New York, September 20-24. The meeting for organization will be held in the First Presbyterian Church of that city on Thursday, the 20th, at 3 P.M.

Sir EDWARD STRACHEY has written a letter to the London *Spectator*, in which he expresses the opinion that the country clergy of the Established Church are being drawn into the movement toward sacerdotalism which is now so greatly disturbing the English Churchmen. He says: "Sacerdotalism is essentially anti-national, and the country clergy, as the elder generation passes away, are becoming at once more sacerdotal and more alien from the national as distinguished from clerical life. They are timid as yet, and work by sap and mine rather than by open attack; but they are steadily though silently destroying the old relations of the parson and his parishioners, and substituting the new relation—or rather separation—between a priesthood holy from its ordination and a laity who have no spiritual place or rights except what are dispensed to them by their priests."

A call is made on American Christians for contributions to help the sufferers from the famine in India. The rainy season did not bring the relief expected, the amount of rain-fall being very slight. The Dutch Reformed Church has a mission in this part of India, and its Foreign Missionary Society transmits funds. About $1000 has already been forwarded.

Since 1841 England has had a civil marriage act. In that period 800,000 persons have been married in the registrars' offices. The report of the Registrar-General for 1875 states that 149,685 marriages were celebrated during that year according to the rites of the Church of England, and 51,527 by other forms. The Registrar-General speaks of a fact which shows a decided opposition of the Established clergy to civil marriage. "Attempts," he says, "are sometimes made to persuade persons who have been duly married in accordance with all the legal forms at the registry office that such marriages are *improper*, and that the parties should not live together until a religious ceremony according to the rites of the Established Church has been gone through."

The Free Church of Italy has opened a college in Rome for the training of ministers. It faces the Castle of St. Angelo, on the Tiber; the building is not new, but must, judging from its cost ($60,000), be ample for the purpose. The Rev. Mr. HENDERSON, of Scotland, and Signor GAVAZZI have been appointed professors; the hope is expressed that the third place may be filled by an American theologian.

A negro temperance orator has appeared—F. G. STUART by name. He intends to go South and work among the Freedmen. One of the temperance leaders of this State reports of him: "I have heard all the great master orators of his race, but never one to surpass him in the gift of eloquent speech."

The reported conversation of Prince BISMARCK with some Würtemberg Protestant clergymen upon the religious condition of Germany is so contrary to the traditions of official reserve that its truth has been doubted. It is not, however, unlike BISMARCK, who has always been unreserved in the expression of his opinions. The Prince said: "You have the same ecclesiastical legislation as Prussia. In Würtemberg the Catholic Church calmly acquiesces in what is denounced as wholly unacceptable in Prussia." This difference in the temper of the Vatican BISMARCK attributes to the anger excited by the abolition of the Catholic department in the Prussian Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs. Of the May laws he expresses this opinion: "I can not say that I approve every item enacted in these laws, but I contend that, on the whole, they answer their purpose, and are a strong wall of defense in the inevitable conflict with the papacy. By virtue of these laws we have recovered the position we gave up in 1830. We have taken back what was our own up to that date. We can now afford to stand on the offensive, and wait for what is to be."

THE DES MOINES RAPIDS CANAL.

ONE of the most important improvements on the Mississippi River is illustrated in an engraving on page 720—that of the canal by which the obstructions to navigation caused by the Des Moines Rapids are surmounted. The work has been several years in process of construction. It consists of a canal along the west bank of the Mississippi, from Keokuk to Nashville, a little more than seven miles in length, 300 feet wide, five feet deep at the lowest depth of water known in the river, and deepening the bed of the river from Nashville to Montrose. The work was begun by anchoring buoys in the river to mark the line of the eastern bank of the canal. Then along this line immense quantities of stone were dumped, until an embankment of broken rock was formed, the inner side of which was subsequently covered with earth. The canal is merely a portion of the river rescued from the rapids, and made available for commerce at all seasons by means of locks that regulate the depth of water in its course.

These locks are three in number. The lower lock is at Keokuk, the middle lock is about two and a half miles above, and the third at the upper end of the canal, at Nashville. They are 489 feet long by 80 feet in width. The gates are of enormous strength, and are worked by hydraulic engines of great power. The estimated weight of the largest gate is 130 tons. The work has been done under the direction of United States military engineers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two musical enthusiasts of Cambridge, members of two rival colleges, says a writer in the *Sporting Gazette*, were not long since discussing the merits of their respective organists. "Ah," said the first, a Trinity man, "you should hear our man do 'They came about me like bees, and are extinct even as the fire among the thorns.' Now that's what I think the real test of a fine organist, if he can do the buzz in 'They came about me like bees.'" "Oh," cried the other, impatiently interrupting him, "ours can do the bees wonderfully too, but you should just hear him 'grin like a dog, and run about through the city.'"

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO WOMAN IN THIS LIFE—To woo man.

MAKING SURE OF HIM.—In France, not long ago, a man was tried for murder. He was found guilty and condemned, and in the usual course the jurors were applied to to sign the petition for a commutation of his sentence. One of them did so, with the postscript, "On condition that he hangs himself."

HOMŒOPATHIC SOUP.—Take two starved pigeons, hang them by a string in the kitchen window so that the sun will cast the shadow of the pigeons into an iron pot already on the fire, and which will hold ten gallons of water; boil the shadows over a slow fire for ten hours, and then give the patient one drop in a glass of water every ten days.

A cockney, speaking of the demise of an octogenarian, remarked that he was born at Hayti and died at heighty-two.

HE WOULD NOT COMMIT HIMSELF.—In the Registration Court, Cupar, Fife, a man was called upon to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and, with much emphasis, said, "My lord, he's gone." "Gone! gone!" said the sheriff; "where is he gone?" "That I can not inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead."

In Bath Abbey is to be seen the following epitaph: "Here lies Ann Mann; she lived an old maid and died an old Mann."

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

My Flora is the sweetest girl;
One would half think she fed on flowers,
Did one not know she put away
Much solid food at vulgar hours.

Her lips are red, and pink her cheeks,
Her sweet young figure's nicely rounded;
Did you but see her at her lunch,
By Jove, I think you'd be astounded!

Stay! stay! 'tis mean these little things
Thus publicly to be reporting;
There is so much in Flora sweet,
It ought and does take *some* supporting.

PRECOCIOUS.—A gentleman had occasion to correct his daughter, aged four, recently. After it was over, and she had sat a while, she went to her mother and inquired, "Don't you think it would do papa good to go out of doors?"

An exchange says a man fell from a church steeple in Soudan, France, a distance of nearly a hundred feet, and although he escaped injury, he was "much scared."

HARMLESS IDOLATRY—Dealing in dolls' eyes.

A woman's rights orator frankly declared that the first time a coat sleeve encircled her waist she seemed to be in a pavilion built of rainbows, the window-sills of which were composed of Æolian harps.

"Make me a nice easy coat," said a noted pulpit orator of Chicago to his tailor one day lately—"one that's loose and roomy enough for me to stretch up in and grow eloquent over, you know." "Yes, I understand," said the tailor, with a twinkle in his eye: "you want me to make you one jesture size?" "That's it, exactly," exclaimed the divine, as he laughed at the tailor's merry pun; "one that I can jest swing myself in."

AN EXCURSION STEAMER.—Drawn by Charles Kendrick.—[See Page 729.]

AN EXCURSION STEAMER.

No city in the world is more advantageously situated than New York for the enjoyment of cheap and healthful summer excursions by water. There is a choice of trips for every day of the week, if change is wanted, and the expense is so trifling that very few people are too poor to avail themselves of the privilege whenever they want to seek relief from the heat and dust of the city. They can take a short ocean trip to Long Branch or Rockaway in safe and commodious steamers. A shorter sail is that to Coney Island, which offers the advantage of a prolonged stay on the beach. Besides these ocean trips there are dozens of excursions up the Hudson, which take one to lovely groves on either shore of that beautiful river, or to some pleasant island, where one can pass a few hours under the shelter of trees.

Thousands of people avail themselves every day of these facilities for getting out of the dusty city. On some days the number of excursionists at Rockaway alone has reached sixty thousand; and the same is true of Coney Island, where the improvements in the way of hotels and bathing houses have entirely changed the character of the beach within the last two years. The engraving on the opposite page shows a New York pier just before the starting of an excursion steamer. The crowd is often excessive, and an accident to the machinery or a collision might result in a serious disaster.

RUSSIAN NAVAL OPERATIONS.

The naval forces of Russia and Turkey have not as yet played a very prominent part in the war. In the Black Sea, Admiral Popoff's armored vessels have been recently engaged in convoying to the Kilia mouth of the Danube a small fleet of Russian war vessels of very light draught for use in that river. The expedition was intrusted to Admiral Tchickatshoff, and included steam transports with soldiers, floating batteries, and gun-boats, all of which reached the Kilia in safety, the Popoffka and two gun-boats, which escorted them, returning to Odessa at night. A Turkish frigate, three iron-clads, and a gun-boat were off the Sulina mouth of the Danube, but the expedition was not perceived. The Russian vessels thus taken into the Danube will be of great service to the army during the remainder of the war.

The engraving on this page represents the engagement on the 27th of July at Budshak, on the Danube, between Rassova and Silistria, where the Russian gun-boat *Fulgern* and the torpedo-boats *Rundnica* and *Zinzar* were opposed to the Turkish batteries on the right bank of the river. It took place about six miles below Silistria. The Russian boats had come up from Tchernavoda to make a reconnaissance. The cannonade on both sides went on briskly for some time, and one of the gun-boats was considerably damaged. A Turkish Monitor from Silistria at length came down to join in the conflict. Its appearance warned the Russian boats to a timely retreat.

"LOOK TO YOUR NOSE."

This is a very common expression, but there is more in it than at first meets the eye. Noseology is a neglected science. Phrenology has had its day and generation. The science of the cranium is now as a tale that was told, although its votaries thirty years ago were quite as numerous and enthusiastically indiscriminate as the frequenters of skating rinks and spelling bees were a couple of years ago. Phrenology, or the theory thereof, has many salient points about it, but it lacks the determinate quality. There are so many bumps upon the head—they are defined to a hair's-breadth, according to the stucco casts that invaded nearly every house a quarter of a century ago—that really one might be self-conceited or firm, venerative or pugilistic, accordingly as a slight accident may have befallen the subject immediately before the time that he happened to come under the hands of the manipulator. Noseology is by no means so empirical. It goes directly to the point. Its professors challenge contradiction, not upon what the recognized dictionary of the spelling bees has it about phrenology; "The science of the human mind as connected with the supposed organs of thought and passion in the brain, and as developed by the external undulations of the cranium;" it presumes only upon one medium organ for the reading of character, and that is the nose alone. There is at least simplification in this neglected rough-and-ready method of discerning character, and certainly quite as much accuracy as any of our clever craniologists ever exhibited.

Dr. Watts wrote:

"The mind's the standard of the man."

Noseologists have a different idea. Their great apostle, Mr. Sloane, thought that the nose is the true needle to point to the loadstone of heart and mind alike. It is the most prominent outcome of the inner nature. It attaches to itself all the mental superiority of the human cosmogony.

The varieties of noses are legion—the shades of difference are multifarious, even in noses with a like general outline. These differences are perceptible, yet in many cases so faintly so that one would almost need to go into logarithms to estimate precisely. The contour of the face affects noses greatly, and a like pattern of nose on a fair man presents a difference of appearance upon a dark, and on fair and dark alike the weather, worry, or sickness makes a wonderful alteration. Into the minutiæ of noses, however, there is little need to enter, as most observers can take stock of them after a description of the four generic types. As the study progresses the types can be divided and subdivided according to the keenness of the observation of the reader. The generic order of noses is here put thus:

1. The Pug.
2. The Roman.
3. The Grecian.
4. The Grecian or Composite Order.

The pug-nose, *pur et simple*, it will readily be

RUSSIAN GUN-BOAT AND TORPEDO-BOATS FIGHTING WITH THE BATTERIES NEAR SILISTRIA.

admitted by all—except perhaps its possessor—is by no means an attractive feature in the face, especially if the upward curve starts about a third of the distance from whence the organ is eliminated from the forehead. There are pug-noses, especially in Irishmen, if not too much elevated skyward, which are not without humor if they happen to be set off with twinkling blue or light gray eyes; but if the "diamonds" at each side are not expressive, the pug-nose is almost next to repulsive. As a rule, from a pug-nose supplementary to an opaque face, the writer instinctively recoils. The owner of the common pug is seldom a brilliant individual; but if he happens to possess talents, it may almost be accepted as an axiom that he is overbearing. Not unfrequently he is laborious, anxious to learn, but rarely can get further than an inconsequential sneer. The common pug has something like the ferocity of the bull-dog about it, with the vacillating nature of the pug in the canine species. The owner of the uncommon pug by no means bears so bad a character. There is something more intellectual about him, although it is said by noseologists that he is a combination between a prize-fighter and a drunken politician, and it would go against the grain to declare that "no one with an uncommon pug-nose could be either a sculptor, a poet, or a painter." Recent history has told us very differently.

The common Roman nose is held in little repute by those who are attempting to revive this unhappily neglected science of noseology. From the bridge it is rounded off to the tip. If not strongly marked after the fashion of the late Iron Duke, the mind is not of the highest order; it barely rises above mediocrity (the man owner of the nose, it should be understood), and bedizens itself on breast and fingers with gaudy jewels. The uncommon Roman nose is altogether of a different calibre. There is a something about it which must assert itself if culture has been added to the proboscis. It is a kind of nose which overcomes all opposition, which has enabled men to conquer mortal achievements, "to mould the world to their will." Notably, to use Sloane's words in our own century, Napoleon and Wellington were in the possession of such noses. "Napoleon knew the secrets of noseology: he knew what advantages there were in a good Roman nose. He selected his generals, and put them into places of trust and confidence, by the length and height of their noses. The Duke of Wellington, one of the most illustrious of warriors in times ancient or modern, had a strikingly remarkable Roman nose. By this nose he conquered Napoleon, and in that nose saved Britain from becoming a province of France. May she ever have such a nose in emergencies!" and so on.

The Grecian nose, straighter than the Roman, lacks the fiery energy. It is more characteristic of amiability and refinement. It indicates passion, too; but its real passion means not the sword or the spear, but the lute of Apollo and the brush of Apelles. Byron fought and died for that nose, yet still the cup of Samian wine needs to be swallowed under protest.

But it is a comfort to think that there is another nose not so bad as the pug, nor so valiant as the Roman, nor quite so refined as the Grecian, but possessing in a mixed degree the best qualities of all, guided by a wise discretion. This in noseology is called the Composite nose, and it is the sort that is generally met with in the streets. "It should run in a direct angle," we are told, from the forehead, should be straight, regular, and of a good size. "Facts prove and circumstances confirm that this order is suited for attaining eminence in any of the arts and sciences, in the senate or the bar, in commerce or in agriculture."

It needs no ghost from the grave to tell that that hooked nose behind which is set the keen eye belongs to the race of the Father of the Faithful—that race which, enduring much contumely and cruel persecution through long centuries, persevered through all its toils, trials, and shocking sufferings in accumulating that powerful agency called Lucre to such an amount that it may almost safely be said to rule the world. Sloane has a wonderful appreciation of this nose. He is more eloquent about it than of any of the others, taking it from a pecuniary stand-point. He asks where are the Pharaohs, and then says, "That nose which toiled and strained under the whip of a task-master still exists in all its hooked rotundity, as large and as well defined as ever, while the nasal organ of the oppressor has vanished, and nowhere exists save in the remains of its sculpture.'

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DURING the month of August the entire White Mountain region was crowded with travellers seeking pleasure or health. By the middle of the month hundreds of sufferers from rose cold or hay fever had taken refuge in high and dry localities, with no intention of removing until late autumn brings security from the attacks of this strange disease. The peculiar quality of air which gives exemption from hay fever does not appear to exist in *all* high localities. Two of the main entrance gates to the White Mountain region are Plymouth and North Conway. Passing from the former up the Pemigewasset Valley, the traveller comes in succession to half a dozen grand centres of interest, marked by the solitary hotel by whose name alone the place is known, although often some natural characteristic has suggested that name. The Flume and Profile houses bound, as it were, the beautiful Franconia Notch, and give easy access to the marvelous Flume and Pool, and ever-varying views of Eagle Cliff, Profile and Echo lakes, and "The Old Man of the Mountain." But although the Profile is located in a glen 1972 feet above tide-water, where it is always delightfully cool, and the Flume House about 500 feet below, neither locality, so far as we have learned, gives security against hay fever. Probably the air is not dry enough. The Twin Mountain House, seventeen miles nearer Mount Washington, and deriving its name from the Twin range which rises in front of it, is several hundred feet lower than the Profile, and yet visitors there find immunity from hay fever. So also they do at Fabyan's, five miles beyond, with Mount Washington rising grandly in the foreground, and the railroad to its base passing close by. On a little plateau 1900 feet above the sea, only four miles from the Fabyan House, and near the famous gateway of the White Mountain Notch, is the Crawford House. Within a short distance are numerous points of interest, which every traveller will wish to visit. But we have not heard it mentioned as a locality which promises exemption from the annoying autumnal catarrh. But at the Glen House, situated on a terrace about 1600 feet above the sea, on the opposite side of Mount Washington, the dry, pure, fragrant air affords relief to the victims of this disease; and, moreover, some of the grandest views are obtained from this point. There may be many towns among the mountains which possess a similar curative quality; but Bethlehem, half-way between the Profile and Twin Mountain houses, and Jefferson Hill, situated on a spur of Mount Starr King, have acquired a reputation which draws numerous sufferers to their healing borders.

The Isles of Shoals are seven in number—eight, we might say, counting the minute islet Malaga, attached to another of the cluster by a breakwater. Their names are Duck, Appledore, Smutty Nose, Cedar, Star, White, and Londoner. Appledore, the largest, is a mile in length; Cedar, the smallest, is one-third of a mile long. Four of these islands belong to Maine, and three to New Hampshire. The whole group is surrounded by several dangerous sunken rocks.

An attempt to use coal instead of wood in the engines of the Mount Washington Railway, on the upward trip, recently caused a delay of an hour or more in the arrival of the train at the summit.

It is said that few persons are better versed in British politics than Queen Victoria. Her long reign has given her an experience of constitutional usages which many of her advisers do not possess.

And now astronomers say that Mars has three moons. How strange that such a fact should have remained undiscovered until recently! Every seventy-nine years this fiery planet in his course comes millions of miles nearer the earth than he is when most distant. This interesting crisis is at hand, and improved telescopes have already revealed much that is curious about Mars, and more will yet be discovered.

The Juvenile Asylum at High Bridge is a reformatory institution for boys and girls under sixteen years of age. There are now about seven hundred children there, who are given elementary school instruction, and are taught mechanical occupations. Parents are required to surrender all control of their children when they are admitted, though they often are allowed to reclaim them. Those who are not reclaimed, after they have finished their course are sent to farmers' homes in the West. An amusing feature of the asylum is the brass-band, containing a dozen pieces or more full-sized wind instruments, wielded by lads from twelve to sixteen years old. Many reach such proficiency that they obtain places in regular bands when they leave the asylum.

There is a society in New York styled the "Fat Men's Association," the condition of membership being the possession of a body of not less than 200 pounds' weight. This society was formed in 1869, and has grown to the number of 300 members. They have an annual clam-bake, which was recently held at South Norwalk. There were baked for the visitors 110 bushels of clams and oysters, 300 chickens wrapped in cloths and laid above the clams, 400 lobsters, 600 pounds of blue-fish wrapped in cloths, three barrels of sweet-potatoes and two barrels of white potatoes, and, to top all, 1000 ears of green corn in the husks. The victor who bore off the palm as the heaviest person was a young man of twenty-three, who weighed 399 pounds. Perhaps after the dinner he might have tipped the scales at 400.

One of the curiosities of the great Exhibition at Paris next year will be the building of the Persian National Palace, which is to cover not less than 170 square meters, and is to be erected by Persian architects and workmen. These have just arrived in Paris, and are immediately to set to work on its construction. The walls are to be—of course Persian-wise—covered with *faïence*, and the windows are to be of colored glass.

The remarkable surgical operation of transfusion of blood was recently performed upon a consumptive patient by a physician of Williamsburg, with apparent great success. The patient, who was confined to his bed, has improved greatly in health, and has been able to do some light work daily. Whether any permanent good can result from this experiment upon a person in the last stages of consumption remains to be proved.

The Mayor of Philadelphia has ordered the closing of all bar-rooms in that city on Sundays, and a committee of temperance men have undertaken to see that the order is obeyed.

In the Red River Valley one man owns a farm which is a sight well worth seeing. He has 4000 acres of wheat in one body, which good judges predict will yield thirty bushels per acre. It would seem to require some labor to prepare 120,000 bushels of wheat for the market.

A French medical journal speaks of the value of milk in all gastric derangements so frequently induced by high temperature. In very hot weather small draughts of milk are found to relieve thirst and to render unnecessary the drinking of many fluids, which, though they may allay the thirst, are liable to produce some disorder at the same time. An instance was cited of a severe case being relieved by repeated draughts of warm milk when laudanum had been given without success.

An exchange says that the beautiful evergreens in the vicinity of Brunswick, Maine, are suffering from the ravages of an insect or grub which is killing the firs and spruces, the trees looking as if a heavy fire had run through the woods.

The Mammoth Caves of Kentucky are to be connected with the outer world by a railroad, and a modern hotel will be built near them.

Two young men of New York are now making the tour of the White Mountains on horseback. They started at West Point, riding along the Hudson River, through the Berkshire Hills, Green Mountains, and Connecticut Valley, thence to Plymouth, New Hampshire, through the Franconia Notch to Mount Washington. They intend riding through the State of Maine to Mount Desert.

No member of the British Parliament is paid for his services, except the ministers. Their duties are arduous. One of them must always be in attendance on the Queen when she goes to Balmoral or on the Continent. Papers are constantly to be submitted to her, and it is therefore for the convenience of Parliament that she should remain as near London as possible during the session.

The breeding and training of the carrier-pigeon has received a new impetus in Germany since the close of the late war. Pigeon-houses have been established in most of the larger garrison towns, and great attention is paid to the subject. The result has been the observation of many peculiarities in these birds. Carrier-pigeons of good breed, although they may be started in company and bound for the same place, fly quite independently of one another. Each one selects its own course, some taking a higher, others a lower flight, and speeds on its way without taking any heed of its neighbors. The birds seem to know that they are racing, and each one exerts itself to the utmost to arrive first at the goal.

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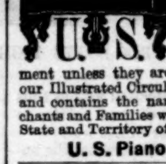

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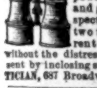

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I have been reading your volumes on the Creeds with great interest. The first volume, and indeed all the volumes have permanent value, and are *facile principes* in the department of which they treat.—Rev. JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D., *Principal of Regent's Park College, London.*

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1. Woman of Thirty with her Head covered with Wounds, a Sabre Cut on the Shoulder, and Two Lance Thrusts through her Right Side. 2. Child of Thirteen Years old disfigured by a Sabre Cut over his Right Eye. 3. Child of Twelve Years with One Sabre Cut across his Neck, and Two Lance Thrusts and a Ball through his Body. 4. Old Man of Sixty-five with Three Sabre Cuts on his Skull. 5. Group of Survivors of a Mohammedan Family (Old Woman slightly wounded; Child of Six Years with Two Lance Thrusts; Young Girl wounded in the Head; Young Woman with Two Lance Thrusts).

SKETCHES FROM LIFE AT RASGRAD OF TURKISH FUGITIVES WOUNDED BY COSSACKS AND BULGARIANS.

TURK AND RUSSIAN.

OUR Supplement this week is again devoted to a series of pictures representing sights and scenes connected with the terrible conflict going on in the East. The idea so gracefully put forward by Holy Russia, and so generally adopted by sympathetic readers, that the present war is a struggle between Cross and Crescent, or rather a crusade carried on by a Christian nation against the "barbarous Turk," is rudely dispelled by the sketches that fill the upper half of this page. Both parties, as represented by their miserable allies, seem to vie with each other in their thirst for horror and bloodshed. Whatever atrocities may be laid to the door of the Turks, they are fully equalled by the fiendish slaughter of men, women, and children carried on by the so-called Christian Bulgarians and their Cossack defenders.

The unfortunate creatures in our picture are by no means fancy figures for which the artist has drawn upon his war-heated imagination. They were sketches from life as they lay in the mis-

A STREET SCENE IN BUCHAREST.

erable hospital at Rasgrad, whither they had fled after the sacking of the small village of Sinan Keui. Lest, however, there should remain any doubt regarding the fiendish behavior of the Cossacks toward their enemies, we have also the testimony of the correspondent of the London *Times*, who, bewildered by the conflicting reports from Rasgrad, made a special journey thither to ascertain how much of truth was contained in the horrible stories circulated by the peasantry. From a letter written soon after his visit to the hospital we quote the following passage:

"I was led to a veranda filled with wounded old gray-haired women and children. The wounds of these poor wretches were from blows, thrusts, and fire-arms. The first are sabre strokes, which have been delivered with force; the thrusts are from lances, while the bullet wounds have evidently been made with pistols. The character of the wounds, therefore, completely agrees with the unanimous assertion of the wounded, that they were inflicted by Russian horsemen; but whether these were Cossacks only, or whether other kinds of cavalry are to blame, I could not clearly make out. With what degree of thoroughness these deeds of deviltry were done may be gathered from the fact that the seventeen victims showed a total of thirty-six wounds. Of these, for example, a little girl of six years bore four. It would therefore appear that the murderers went to work in cold blood, and were not content with killing or wounding at the first stroke. These seventeen victims of Russian barbarity belonged to a band of fugitives from Ablanova, who on the 30th of June were hurrying away to Rustchuk in a train of forty wagons, having received intimation of the atrocities which the advancing Russians were perpetrating in other places. The hostile horsemen had overtaken the fugitives on their way, and straight began the human slaughter. Thirty-five poor people were killed on the spot, and the seventeen wounded creatures here are part of those who escaped with a little remnant of life. There was also brought before me a little maiden of nine years, who in the confusion of the carnage had lost her parents and her playmates, and whose accidental escape was due to her having crept for shelter beneath the wain, where she cowered unheeded. From the butchery only those unfortunate women were spared whom the inhuman crew had selected for the gratification of their savage lust after the work of execution was over, and these were led away as spoil."

COMBAT BETWEEN COSS[...]KS

Our second engraving transports us to Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, a town which, in peaceful times, is steeped in the quiet of Oriental languor. Now, however, its muddy streets are alive with excited groups, who discuss the war on street corners, and rally round the telegraph offices eager for the very latest news. Bucharest, or rather Bucaresci, as it is called in the East, in spite of its unattractive appearance, is a place of some importance, and comprises within its limits five or six towns, all of which, although now united under one common designation, preserve certain distinctive marks of autonomy. The centre, in the neighborhood of the theatre, is essentially European, except in the irregularity of its streets, with fine shops, large and well-kept hotels, and sumptuous dwellings. Bucharest contains many handsome churches, whose tall spires give the town a picturesque appearance. But in spite of their religious privileges, little can be said for the morals of its inhabitants. Indeed, the Roumanian capital has the unenviable reputation of being one of the most dissolute cities in Europe.

In our double-page engraving we have a scene that represents some of the most striking characteristics of Eastern warfare. The occasion is a skirmish that took place between the Cossacks and Bashi-Bazouks, near the village of Haidar Keui, on the 16th of July. Here we have not the regular troops of either power, but a species of wild cavalry drawn from the steppes of Russia and the mountains of Armenia. The Bashi-Bazouk, if we may take the liberty of translating his name into English, is not a serious or business-like warrior. The two Turkish words mean "light-headed," and they have been applied to these wild riders probably on account of the aversion they show to order and discipline. But nevertheless the Bashi-Bazouks are a most effective arm of the Turkish service. The guerrilla-like warfare they carry on does fearful execution. Wherever an encounter takes place there is sure to be an amount of bloodshed that would appall the regular troops of an army; for though disposed to take war lightly when it is a question of tactics or obedience to authority, once in the field, his blood well aroused, the Bashi-Bazouk fights more like a demon than a man.

In the Cossack the Bashi-Bazouk finds a suitable antagonist. The [...]n hel[...]
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COSSACKS AND BASHI-BAZOUKS.

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mands upon the government which he serves. Descendants of a manly race of men, exiled from the Russian capital on account of religious and political difficulties, the Cossacks display every qualification of good soldiers save the one already alluded to in the case of the Bashi-Bazouks. They are impatient under discipline, and resent authority to such an extent that it is almost impossible to incorporate them in the regular army. They are trained to arms, associated with and accustomed to horses from their earliest infancy, and always in the habit of taking most excellent care of themselves. For escort, outpost, and foraging duty they are most invaluable troops, while as skirmishers they are unequalled. According to the new military law of Russia, she has 180,000 of these troops at her disposal.

On the last page of our Supplement will be found a view of Shumla, the southwesterly point of the famous Quadrilateral. This town has quite the same importance as Varna, not merely on account of its strength and size, but also as the junction of a number of roads, and as a barrier to one of the most accessible of the Balkan passes. Shumla lies on the eastern slope of a mountain spur separated from the Balkan range by the valley of the Killy, or Akili-Kamchik. This isolated hill block rises to from 600 feet to 800 feet above the valley beneath, forming at the top a kind of plateau, the descent from which in all directions is at first steep, often almost perpendicular, and then, gradually changing, slopes gently down to the plain. The upper part of the bluff is thickly overgrown with shrubs and underwood, so that locomotion there is mostly limited to the narrow paths and tracks in which men can merely move in Indian file. The less precipitous parts of the north and eastern slopes form an open undulating hill country, which can be viewed for miles around from the ridge of the plateau above the town.

The fortifications of the intrenched camp at Shumla consist of nine large independent works, with several smaller ones and batteries between, which encircle the town at a distance of from eight to ten kilometers, ending on the one side on the steep, impervious heights of Stradza, and on the other on the heights of Cingel. The nine main works are provided with extensive traverses, and have good profiles. They are adapted for infantry defense, and are incapable of being taken by storm, but they are all made of earth. The more important of these forts are the large though not yet fully finished Sebek Tabia, on the heights of Stradza; the Pestepe Tabia, near the main road from Shumla to Shumla Road, westward of Bulanik; and the Cassapli Tabia, south of the aforesaid road and the latter place. These three main works, in accordance with the plans of the Committee of Defense, were to have been constructed in the permanent style, but this idea had to be abandoned when time and money failed. The main works are armed in all with about 200 guns of the most various make. The smaller works and batteries are not armed, and will only in case of need be provided with field-guns. The place has an abundant supply of ammunition, there being on the average 250 complete rounds for every *pièce de position*. The town of Shumla itself, however, does not possess the slightest power of resistance, being surrounded neither by a wall, ditch, nor towers. The area bounded by the line of works on the one hand, and the steep ascent to the plateau on the other, and which is absolutely guarded from all observation from without, is able to shelter an army of more than 150,000 men.

Shumla has a population of about 30,000, exclusive of the garrison. The principal industries are the culture of grapes and grain and the rearing of silk-worms. In addition to this, the town has achieved considerable reputation through its manufactures. Seen from the plain, Shumla has an imposing and picturesque appearance. The houses rise one above the other up the slope of the hill, the horizontal lines of their roofs broken by the domes and minarets of the mosques. On the left, high up the valley, are the great square masses of the infantry barracks and the Konak, or Government-house. On the opposite side are the cavalry barracks and arsenal, and farther up the hill-side stands the new hospital. The mar-